WEEK ENDING OCT. 9, 1926

5c

Liberty

Weekly for the Whole Family

Back No. File

"Spoofed"

In this Issue

THIRTY DAYS AFTER MARRIAGE *by* Royal Brown

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Oct. 9, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

ARE WE OUR BROTHERS' KEEPERS? —WE'LL SAY WE ARE—*An Editorial*

Judge Edwin O. Lewis, in Philadelphia, has decided that the Sesquicentennial Exposition may not keep open on Sunday if admission is charged. Probably four out of five persons in the present population of Philadelphia want the Exposition to be open Sundays in order that those who work on week days may visit it and enjoy the educational and instructive features. Perhaps four out of five Philadelphians in 1794, when the law under which Judge Lewis decided was passed, would have opposed the idea of opening anything save a church on Sunday.

Times have changed. The population of our cities is not radically different from that of the country and the small town. Yet the city resident generally wants to devote part, at least, of his Sunday to relaxation and amusement. The small-town family and the farmers, as a rule, are against any Sunday sports or amusements.

The small-town idea of Philadelphia of 1794 prevails over the city idea of Philadelphia of 1926. In a great many cases the small-town and country idea prevails over the city in the United States, especially in things political. In a great many matters the active small-town element insists upon being its brothers' keeper.

The difference of opinion regarding these things is a natural result of environment. We are of the opinion that each should decide for itself and that for either to attempt to foist its opinions upon the other is a contravention of the rights guaranteed Americans under the Constitution.

It seems to us that something of the same condition obtains in the eternally vexatious prohibition problem. The great majority of city dwellers want their drinks. A great proportion of the small-town and farming populations oppose drinking. The will of the small-town drink opponent has been forced upon the city dweller, and he resents it.

Perhaps the solution of the entire problem will arise from this situation. It is wrong for the city drinker to attempt to force the dry country man to allow drinking, and for the small-towner to force the city man to do without his beer when he wants it. Probably, in some way, the solution of prohibition will be a reversion to the old local-option system.

—ESPECIALLY CARRY A BIG STICK.—*An Editorial*

Mexico, embroiled in internal trouble and a persistent irritation to the United States, threatens more serious complications. It is evident that, as soon as her difficulties between State and Church are adjusted, the Calles government plans to put into effect her land and mineral laws and confiscate the property of American citizens and corporations.

Our erstwhile allies in Europe are more and more inclined to refer to us as Uncle Shylock because we suggest that they repay part of what they borrowed. Germany is chuckling at seeing her former enemies squabbling. Russia never did like us, and our refusal to recognize a government that systematically propagandizes against our peace, has turned dislike into a more positive emotion. Japan, restrained by the fact she cannot afford it—yet—would be pleased if she could get enough backing from other powers to attack us.

Our wealth is a source of envy to the financially bankrupt nations—and envy breeds hate and hate is the sire of war.

Confronted by such world conditions, it is well to remember the counsel of a great American, and "speak softly—but carry a big stick."

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Another Sherlock Holmes Story

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle gives us a thrilling novelty. In The Adventure of the Blanched Soldier, one of the best tales in LIBERTY'S exclusive series, Sherlock Holmes pushes his friend Watson aside and tells the story himself. This narrative of a gallant soldier struggling under a fate worse than death itself, gives us the old Holmes—keen, cool, meeting danger with all the resources of his matchless mind.

You'll find Not Gold Digger—Diamond Digger irresistible. It's the tale of a young man who thought himself vaccinated against matrimony. But destiny exposed him to the most virulent kind of heart trouble. Frank R. Adams wrote it.

Football fans! Stop, look, and listen! Walter Eckersall, greatest of quarterbacks, begins the chronicle of his gridiron days. He's called it My Twenty-five Years of Football.

Lin Bonner gives us Why Cigarette Manufacturers Don't Advertise to Women. It tells some startling things about the ladies' growing love for nicotine.

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Throw away your whisk-broom

WILDROOT *ends* DANDRUFF

LET'S be frank about dandruff. It needs treatment on the spot where the trouble starts—at the hair roots. For dandruff is often caused by germs lodged in your scalp. Don't dilly-dally with a whisk-broom or unproven treatments, when the simple Wildroot method is so sure and safe.

In good barber shops where men (and women, too) come in *with* dandruff, and go out *without* it—Wildroot is the treatment used. Wildroot *kills the bacteria* and *removes the dandruff* at one time.

When you first apply Wildroot, the accumulated dandruff loosens up, and is temporarily more apparent, but soon disappears under regular treatment. This shows how quickly Wildroot works. Get some Wildroot at your druggist's or barber shop today. *And stop brushing dandruff!*

IMPORTANT NOTE

It is incorrect to suppose that Wildroot grows hair. *Only a healthy scalp can grow hair.* Wildroot removes the very unhealthy condition of dandruff, and thus *prevents the loss of hair* that is sure to follow dandruff.

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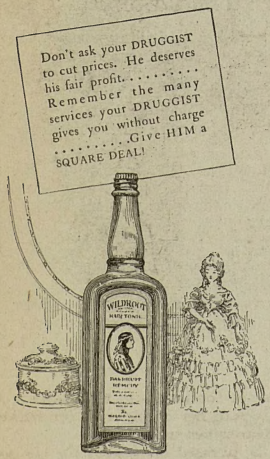

WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

for dandruff

Thirty Days After MARRIAGE

A Madcap Bride Wins a Bet She Thought She Had Lost

A Short Story by
ROYAL BROWN

LOHENGRIN'S well known march, a stretching of necks, and then a solemn hush—during which 80 per cent of a large and fashionable audience struggled against the itch to cough. The presiding clergyman's full and resonant voice, beautifully placed, filling the nave; the serene affirmatives of the bride; the mumbled responses of the groom. Another stretching of necks—and then the organ's triumphant rendition of The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden and which has, so regularly, been breathing o'er Eden's environs ever since.

In brief, one more wedding: smartly stereotyped, socially successful.

Two young people, countenanced by society and blessed by clergy, were now to live happily forever after.

"They'll bust up within a year," the prettiest of the bridesmaids assured the best man, who had come on from Chicago for the occasion and who was showing exhilarating signs of contracting the prevailing germ.

"I offered Peter my flask," grinned the best man, "and he refused it. But he needed it just the same. All shot to pieces."

"Connie was as cool as an oyster," contributed the prettiest bridesmaid.

This, while they consumed the wedding breakfast, with the bride vibrant and full of verve, the bridegroom looking as if he had just been shell-shocked, and jumping when the clergyman who had performed the ceremony clapped him on the back.

Pictures by
J. W. SCHLAIKJER

NOT until she reached the door did she realize she had no key for it.

"Peter, my boy!" announced the Rev. Alexander Ames Dinwoodie, whose ideal was that a clergyman might yet be a man among men, "you know all the good things I wish you!"

"Er—thanks," murmured Peter, smiling uncertainly.

Another clap on the shoulder, and the Rev. Alexander Ames Dinwoodie moved on for a word with the groom's mother. The latter, Mrs. Sumner Howlett Prescott, was a splendid woman—one of the pillars of his church. As such he esteemed her highly and, for reasons allied, he feared her mightily.

Now, as he phrased his wishes for her son, her lips compressed.

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[THIRTY DAYS AFTER MARRIAGE
Continued from Page Seven]

"I *hope* they'll be happy," she replied—and plainly doubted it.

And so, in his heart, did Mr. Dinwoodie. His eyes went toward the bride, around whom the festivities so gayly revolved.

"Ultra-modern—pagan," ran his uncensored thought.

And, irrelevantly, he remembered that when he had baptised her, twenty-two years before, she had fought like sin, demonstrating, so young, her determination to be what she had since so definitely become—a handful.

A swift stirring, a bridal bouquet tossed down a stairway, and the prettiest of the bridesmaids, breathless with triumph as she caught it, her eyes instinctively going to meet those of the best man from Chicago.

Presently confetti flying like a snow swirl in the mellow sunshine; a single *new* shoe recklessly cast. The beginning of the honeymoon.

It ended, officially, in mid-November, minus confetti or shoes thrown.

They had been married thirty days by the calendar; thirty years, according to Connie's flippant thrust; and never at *all*, according to Peter's bitter contribution to the quarrel with which they celebrated their home-coming.

"What else could you expect of a marriage made on a bet?" was Connie's bored retort.

THEY had come home to what those who write the nation's songs refer to as "a love nest, just for two." The living-room of their particular love nest was on the top floor of a tall apartment house on Beacon Street. The eight windows of this looked out, not on Beacon Street, with its moil of traffic, but on the Esplanade, with a vista of the Charles and Cambridge beyond.

The sort of a view that the just-married should sit, hand in hand, and luxuriate in. But not Connie and Peter.

"Spooning is all right as an occasional experiment," Connie had once assured Peter—with whom she had never certainly spooned; "but as a practice *I* call it disgusting. The habit of kissing is only a complex, anyway."

Of course she had kissed him when Dr. Dinwoodie had pronounced them one.

Since then she hadn't kissed him at all. He had kissed her—once!

"Now," she had complained, "you have spoiled my mouth and I'll have to make me a new one."

And she had, with a lipstick. He had not kissed her again.

Connie had a wide mouth, coppery hair, and slim ankles. She had no hips to speak of and no heart either, so far as Peter had ever been able to discover.

Why had they married, then?

"A debt of honor," Connie had announced long since. "I told Peter I'd marry him if he didn't drop a single punt in the Yale game. I still think that was good psychology."

"What!" the first to hear this frank statement had gasped suspiciously. "Where does the psychology come in?"

"Peter was already blue—Yale blue—for fear he would muff a punt, you see," Connie had explained serenely. "And *I'd* bet a small fortune on Yale and wanted Yale to win. So it seemed to me that if I—well, bet *myself*—that would make Peter so nervous he'd drop everyone——"

"But he broke his collar bone on Harvard's first play," the other had recalled. "I should think you might have called the bet off."

"I may be no lady," Connie had retorted, "but I *do* try to be a gentleman. And gentlemen pay their bets."

True or not, some such explanation might have been expected from Connie. For, besides being herself, she was of the day and generation that jazzes everything.

What her own circle said was that Connie had always intended to marry Peter sooner or later, if nothing better turned up. To which anyone was privileged—and most every one exercised the privilege—to add that a certain extremely hectic affair with a certain Ted De Friest, was probably just Connie's prenuptial fling.

This because marriage on next to nothing a year was a luxury Connie could not afford, and Ted's chief matrimonial assets were Byronesque eyes and a let's-play-at-love-for-kisses provocativeness.

Besides which, Connie had been out for four seasons, and although her family was in the *Social Register*, it wasn't prominently so—and it was even less prominently mentioned in the bulkier tome of Bradstreet's or Dun's.

Peter's family was ever so prominent in both. And it gave no three cheers when it became evident he would marry Connie or nobody.

It really preferred nobody.

So had Peter, during his saner, more thoughtful moments.

Peter was not without charm. He had, beyond that, his share of brains and a gentleman's code.

"Do you think I'd marry you on *those* terms?" he had demanded hotly, when she had announced that she was ready to make good on that perfectly preposterous football bet.

"To put you out of your misery. It will either kill or cure you."

"And you? What do you get out of it?" he had asked.

In spite of himself he had hoped for—well, just a crumb, perhaps. Instead:

"My dear," she had mocked, "you are not so young as not to know what my dearest friends will say *I* get out of it. But if you *must* know, the family finances have reached the point where I must retire from society—or marry somebody. And—you're it!"

The idea revolted him. But Connie, slim, copper haired, hipless and heartless—Connie didn't.

So they had married; had their honeymoon—a motor trip in the car that had been the groom's present — by request — to the bride. Connie had driven, with Peter seated beside her feeling much like something attached to somebody's chariot wheels.

THIS was to be no matter of rounds and seconds and padded fists, she knew.

"I thought," she had retorted, "that you would marry me on *any* terms."

"That's not true," he had denied definitely.

Yet there was a Connie virus in his blood; had been, ever since dancing-school days, though even then she had treated him with scorn.

So, when she had looked up at him, he had forgotten all he might have remembered, even his broken collar bone. But she had evaded his impetuosity.

"No, you don't!" she had gibed. "You get your first kiss at the altar rail."

"If *that* is the way you feel," he had said bitterly, "why go on?"

They had stopped, always, at the most expensive hotels. With always a three-room suite.

That had been the contract before the knot was tied.

And now, with the honeyless honeymoon over, they were inside what had been established as their own walls. The apartment, though expensive, was within Peter's means. He had an income of his own, through inheritance, of $20,000 a year. The groom's mother, in spite of her disapproval, had done her part with Spartan fortitude. The furnishings were her gift.

The result was charming. A maid at the door to greet them, to escort young Mrs. Prescott to her room and assist her with her wraps.

Then dinner served for two, with silver and napery new and lustrous in the soft light. But—a reserved, courteous young groom, a bored young bride.

After dinner they moved on to the living-room. Connie lighted a cigarette, though she knew he disapproved of her smoking.

"Gentlemen—be seated," she suggested flippantly.

She herself sank into a chair. A table beside her had the new books ranged upon it between book ends. She picked one up, glanced at it without interest, and let it drop to the table.

"Let's go somewhere—do something!" she suggested abruptly.

Peter was still standing. "Would you care to run around and visit my mother?" he suggested courteously—and aloofly.

"Good Lord, no!" negatived Connie. "I mean something—oh, exciting!"

"The theater then?" he substituted. She gave him a withering glance.

He was honestly puzzled. What *did* she want, anyway?

Connie herself could not have told him. All that she could have contributed in explanation would have been the frank statement that the more he tried to discover what she wanted, the more he irritated her.

"Let's go to Potuit," she suggested impulsively.

"Potuit?" he repeated, as if doubting that he had heard aright. Connie had spent her summers at Potuit ever since she was a child, but the house there was fit only for warm-weather occupancy—and this was November.

"YOU have already driven a long way today," he reminded her.

"Pouf!" she scorned. "I feel as if I could drive as far again."

"And there is no heat in the house except open fires——"

"That's all there is in Ted De Friest's house," she replied. "And I'll bet he's down there just the same."

He flushed anew.

"Is *that* why you are so keen to go?"

"Why not?" she retorted shamelessly. "I *do* crave excitement of some sort. I feel, so soon, as if I had been married thirty years."

To which he made the retort, already recorded, that *he* felt as if they had never been married at all.

"If that's the case," she commented coolly, "I suppose I ought to return to mother—but I think I'll go to Potuit instead."

And serenely she moved off toward her own room.

Even then, he could not believe that she meant to go. But when, a few minutes later she reappeared, hatted and gloved, wearing her fur coat and carrying a hand bag, he knew he confronted a crisis.

The best he could contrive was yet another concession.

"If you are determined to go," he said frigidly, "I'll come along, of course."

"You!" she gibed. "You'd spoil the party!"

In his eyes there was something that startled her, briefly. But he was even at that moment true to his code. One didn't lay vio-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THIRTY DAYS AFTER MARRIAGE]
Continued from Page Nine

lent hands on a woman. One reasoned with her.

"You simply can't go off this way," he began. "You——"

"Try and stop me," she suggested.

And, with a mocking glance, she slid out of the door.

From Boston to Potuit is a matter of more than a hundred miles.

At the end of an hour Connie had covered forty miles and not a car had passed her.

Nevertheless her car was not the only one on that road that was eating up miles this night. Behind her another car, having achieved Boston's suburbs, was beginning to make better than fifty. In this sat—when he was not being shot around like corn in a popper—the Rev. Alexander Ames Dinwoodie, also being projected toward Potuit, to reason with and retrieve an erring lamb.

Peter's mother had demanded his intervention.

"I," that dominant pillar of his church had informed him, "dropped in to see Peter tonight. I found him alone, in a terrible state. He told me, when I insisted upon an explanation, that Connie had gone to Potuit."

"Potuit!" gasped Dr. Dinwoodie. "Alone? I—don't you think Peter ought to do something? Go to Potuit, perhaps, and——"

"I suggested that," she interrupted. "And he said that he didn't care if she *never* came back. That the sooner she got a divorce the better."

"Would you like to have me talk with Peter?" suggested Dr. Dinwoodie.

"The person to talk with," she snapped, "is Connie. I want you to go to Potuit and bring her back."

At which Dr. Dinwoodie had felt as if somebody had placed a large cold hand on the small of his back.

"But, my dear lady——" he had begun feebly.

"I shall put my car at your disposal," his dear lady had gone on relentlessly. "Johnson is a good driver—and discreet. It will, of course, be a long, tedious drive"—as if *that* were what Dr. Dinwoodie minded most—"but think of what is involved."

Of that he thought.

THE limousine, making sixty, swerved suddenly to one side of the road to let another car, making at least seventy, edge by.

"Bootlegger, probably," jovially announced Johnson, the dependable chauffeur, over his shoulder.

Twenty miles an hour being the speed his mistress considered right and proper, Johnson was enjoying this more exhilarating expedition to the full.

But his passenger, clutching to the hand rail, all but moaned. And the next second, as a loud report shattered the crisp, cold rhythm of the night, he jumped a foot. The car swerved, all but left the road, and then came back to it.

"Tire gone," announced Johnson disgustedly.

Miles and miles ahead, Connie was approaching her journey's end. November had stripped the trees. Through the branches, she glimpsed the familiar bulk of her summer home and, beyond, the streaming lights of the De Friest cottage. Ted was certainly there with three or four friends—a stag party, probably.

That would, normally, have bothered her not at all. She would have presented herself gayly and ordered Ted over to her house, to prepare it for her, while she got warm before his fire.

Yet, for some reason she could not have found words for, she turned her back to the De Friest house and went swiftly up to the familiar front steps of her own. Not until she reached the door did she realize she had no key for it.

That did not bother her, however. Removing one slipper she smashed a pane of glass in the library window.

Reaching in, she unfastened the lock, wincing as the glass cut her.

"Darn!" she murmured, licking the wound with her tongue.

Peter, had he been present, would have immediately asked if there was an antiseptic in the house. But then, had Peter been present, he would never have countenanced breaking a window pane. Peter never broke things.

Replacing her slipper, Connie crawled in through the window. The house seemed colder than outdoors. As she moved through the dark, she collided with an inhospitable something.

Whereupon, nursing her outraged shin, she said what one might expect of a member of her set today.

Presently her fingers discovered the light switch. But the lights were off.

"Oh, gosh!" she murmured disgustedly, and thought again of the De Friest cottage.

IN the De Friest cottage Ted and three of his cronies sat in front of a roaring fire at poker. The room was full of tobacco smoke.

"It's getting chilly here," announced the host abruptly.

"Getting cold feet?" jeered one of his companions. "I suppose you'll be saying you want to go to bed next—while you're still ahead!"

Ted rose to stretch himself; a charmingly decorative young six-footer in spite of his unshaven chin.

"Fat chance, with this gang of pirates," he grinned, then bent to peer out of the window.

"Guess Connie and Pete are down," Ted went on. "Anyway, somebody's over there—an automobile is standing outside with its lights on."

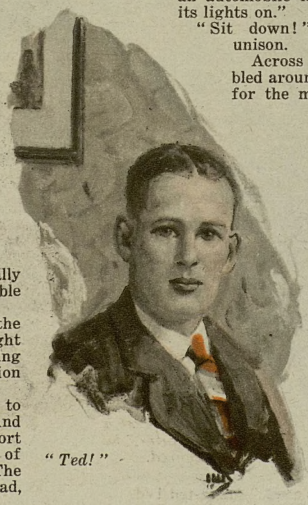
"Sit down!" roared all three in unison.

Across the way, Connie fumbled around the kitchen, searching for the matches that eluded her.

"If I only weren't so darn cold!" she breathed through her pretty, chattering teeth.

And cold it was, for a polar gale had swept down from Labrador.

She abruptly gave up her search for matches. Light was apparently to be denied her, and the warmth of a fire as well; but there were other ways of getting warm, She felt her way up to her room, and found blankets and snuggled up in them, fur coat and all, on the bare mattress of her bed.



"Ted!"

From the next house came a masculine voice singing with remembered verve:

"All I want is yo' picture in a frame;
When yo' is gone I kin see yo' just the same!"

That was the song Ted had sung the day she had told him she was engaged to Peter. They had been out in his Marconi-rigged knockabout. He had taken the news characteristically, a mocking refrain springing to his lips; but as he had finished it he had placed an arm around her and drawn her to him.

"For remembrance," his persuasive lips had framed.

She had let him kiss her in a way that yielded nothing more.

But that had been in July; this was November.

Suddenly she felt extremely sorry for herself, though self-pity was not in her book, as a rule. And in spite of herself she kept seeing the De Friest living-room. It would be gorgeous just to walk in. They would spring to greet her, put her beside the fire, warm her with it and the quickening of their eyes. Why shouldn't she? Unconventional? When had she been otherwise?

In the living-room she so visioned, the four men sat on at their game.

"I knew we'd get him—no guy who is as lucky in love as Ted is, can keep a good man down when it comes to cards," announced one of the players.

"Lucky at love!" scorned Ted. "How do you get that way?"

He was a little flushed and so were they. Abruptly he rose.

"Where are you going?" he was asked.

"That car is still outside Connie's house—but the house is dark," he said. "I'm going over to see if everything is all right."

"Don't be an ass," he was advised. "House being dark don't mean anything. Bride and groom always like dark to hold hands in."

But Ted had departed.

The north wind howled, but Connie was getting warm at last. A dreamy lethargy was stealing over her; her eyes drowsed. She was a most asleep when, abruptly, she raised a startled head.

Somebody was on the porch outside. Somebody had found the open window—was in the library downstairs.

Connie had always believed herself immune from nerves, yet now her heart turned over and her hands went colder than they had yet been this night, in a swift uprush of terror.

Then, as swiftly, came relief.

The somebody had encountered the same chair that had greeted her, and voiced the same remark.

"Ted!" she pæaned joyously.

From below came his voice. "Connie! Where are you?"

"Upstairs—I'm coming down."

They met at the foot of the stairs, she tripping in her eagerness and landing, fur coat and all, full in his arms. He held her so while he asked:

"WHERE'S Peter?"

"Oh, I've left him," retorted Connie, her cocksure self again.

"For good?" he asked as if he doubted it.

"For better—or for worse," she amended airily, and disengaged herself from his embrace.

"I thought you were still on your honeymoon."

"*That* ended officially tonight. And when I found settling down to married life was too big a task to be assumed so soon, and suggested we run down here, Peter refused to come—so I came anyway!"

"Good Lord! Why didn't you have some light while you were about it, anyway?"

"Because they're switched off."

"I can fix them," he promised. "Wait a jiff——"

He disappeared; while she waited, it occurred to her to powder her nose.

Presently a light shot on in the library and then he returned, snapping on other lights as he came.

"They make it seem warmer, anyway," she commented.

He reached swiftly for her hand.

"You're frozen!" he announced with heart-warming concern. "I'll build a fire."

Logs blazed in the library fireplace, gallantly attacking the deadly chill. Connie, seated on the edge of a chair he pulled up almost to the andirons, watched him as he

fed the leaping flames, her elbows on her knees, her chin cupped in her hands.

He glanced up and saw her so, the firelight in her face.

"Gosh, it seems good to see you again!" he announced.

She smiled at him, a sense of well-being pervading her deliciously.

They were both silent for a pregnant second. Then, swiftly, he captured her hands.

"Connie," he said huskily, there being two glows within him and the least of them not the alcoholic, "is it straight that you're leaving Peter?"

She sensed that he had been drinking, yet she was not afraid of him. She had handled him before.

"If you aren't careful you'll be named as corespondent," she mocked.

"I'd like nothing better," he assured her vehemently.

"I wouldn't," she replied. "You'd have to marry me. And you know whom I advised you to marry—and you agreed she was your best bet. Haven't you progress to report?"

That diverted him as she had expected.

"Progress backward," he confessed with his charming impudent grin. "June's a nice girl, with regular teeth and kind to her mother and to dumb animals, but—I'm sorry, Connie, it's no go. You see——"

He paused, and danger signals flew in his eyes.

"Behave!" commanded Connie, rising quickly.

Instead, he rose, too, and swept her into his arms.

"Connie!" he murmured huskily. "Oh, Connie!"

They had both been too engrossed to realize that another car had arrived outside. The same car, in fact, that, traveling at better than seventy, had edged by the limousine transporting Dr. Dinwoodie. From it, as it came to a standstill, had stepped Peter.

TO his mother, with an unprecedented violence, Peter had announced that he was through with Connie.

He had meant that, absolutely, and it had been with no weakening of that resolve that the idea of pursuing her to Potuit had begun to take shape.

Divorce? Well, if she thought she craved one any more than he did, she was mistaken. She had said marriage might cure him and it had!

Being human, the need to tell her these things had become so compelling that he had finally come catapulting after her.

But the car he had come in was a roadster and he had chilled emotionally, as well as physically, as he drove. Some of the things he had intended to say, he had forgotten; others now seemed futile. Now that he was here, he didn't, after all, know just what his next move should be.

His first proved characteristic. Having switched off his own headlights, he then switched off Connie's. No use letting them run down the battery.

Then, with no haste, he started toward the house. He had reached a point opposite the library windows, when suddenly a merciful dispensation was accorded him, even if he did not so appreciate it at the moment.

Merciful, because it gave fresh impetus to his emotions and launched him into Connie's presence with no trace of the hesitancy that had begun to cramp his style.

"Well?" he demanded curtly.

They stared at him for a second, as at an apparition. He glared back, unconscious of the trickle of blood across his forehead—Peter, too, for once in his life had smashed a window.

Ted was the first to speak.

"Well, look who's here!" he announced and had the supreme effrontery to grin.

He made no move to release Connie, but she slipped swiftly from his arms.

"PLEASE—*get me a glass of water,*" *he murmured.*

"Why—Peter!" she breathed incredulously.

The man she had cured — for all time now—looked at her, and her eyes widened at the chill contempt in his.

"I fear," he said bitterly, "that I have arrived inopportunely."

"And that isn't the half of it," Ted assured him.

Peter whitened. "Get out," he commanded.

Instead, Ted reached in his pocket and drew out a cigarette.

"The villain always smokes 'em," he remarked. He lit it, then added, "Pete, old dear, it's you who should withdraw. The injured husband, having secured the evidence, is always the one who gets out——"

Peter ripped off his greatcoat.

"Get out!" he repeated. "*Or—I'll throw you out!*"

"Yeah? You, and who else?" suggested Ted.

He stood swaying a little, but his smiling eyes were derisive. A lady-killer he might be, but also he had been an intercollegiate champion as a welterweight, and Peter's threat amused him.

"Peter!" said Connie, moving between them. "He's drunk——"

"And that's gratitude!" mourned Ted. "I assure you the scene is truly rural—and I think another little drink wouldn't do any of us any harm."

He stopped short as Peter thrust Connie violently aside.

"Look here," he snapped, "if you think——"

When in a movie, Connie had seen the heroine's hands go swiftly to her breast, she had always smiled superiorly. But now her hands were at her breast as:

"O—O—Oh!" she breathed involuntarily.

This was not the first time she had seen men battle with their fists. Boxing bouts had been one of the preferred diversions of her set; she had picked up most of the argot and a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THIRTY DAYS AFTER MARRIAGE]
Continued from Page Eleven

smattering of the fine points of the ring. She had experienced that curious thrill that accompanies a clean knockout; held her breath while the referee counted the fateful ten over a writhing figure on the canvas.

But *this* was to be no matter of rounds and seconds and padded fists, she knew—for all that Ted smiled as he planted the first blow.

"Sorry, old chap," he murmured gayly. "But you stepped right up and asked for it. What—again?"

He moved his head expertly; Peter's fist grazed his ear. But the impact must have stung, for Connie, her eyes at their widest, saw his become pin points and his lips turn cruel. So she had seen a champion's face change, when, after merely rolling up points, he suddenly cut loose and started after a knockout.

A chair shot by her, with Peter sprawled across it. She did not move: she could not have. He had been hit so hard that she had winced voluntarily. He must be out——

But he was on his feet again as Ted, lunging by her, let go both right and left.

"Oh, Ted!" she pleaded desperately. "Please—please——"

She might as well have asked mercy of the November gale.

THE limousine which Mrs. Sumner Howlett Prescott had so kindly loaned the Rev. Alexander Ames Dinwoodie was at last nearing that journey's end. So Johnson, the chauffeur, informed his passenger.

"Be there in five minutes," he promised.

And Dr. Dinwoodie, shivering, wondered for the hundredth time just what he could say to Connie, anyway.

"Here we are," announced Johnson.

And, stiff and chilled, Dr. Dinwoodie stepped forth into the November gale.

The house was lighted, he saw, but his knock on the front door went unanswered. The gale was making as much noise as he could achieve. Baffled, he tentatively tried the knob. The door opened—as was characteristic of Connie's family, it had never been properly locked.

Now as it opened he quite literally blew in, the gale giving him a strong push forward. He shut the door behind him and looked around.

From the left came the not unwelcome roar of an open fire. He moved toward this, reached the threshold of the room from which it came, and there stopped short. The room he saw was occupied by two people—who, in turn, occupied a single chair before the fire.

Now when two people occupy one chair, the ratio is apt to be 50 per cent masculine to 50 per cent feminine, with the latter superimposed on the former.

This ratio was now being demonstrated. The masculine 50 per cent was mostly obscured, the feminine rather less so. Anyway, to Dr. Dinwoodie, such portions as were visible—mostly a length of sheer silk ending below a bare knee and tousled red hair on which the firelight played—were instantly identifiable.

For a second Dr. Dinwoodie remained speechless. Then:

"Connie!" he exploded.

The tousled head lifted, the masculine one—as tousled—turned, presenting to Dr. Dinwoodie a visage unidentifiable, but indisputably villainous. One eye was blackened, the lips had been cut and were swollen, and the creature's nose must recently have come into contact with something hard and unforgiving.

Furthermore, when this second party to the scandal into which Dr. Dinwoodie had stumbled spoke, it was to heighten the impression his appearance gave.

"Get to blazes out of here!" it suggested.

A less courageous man might have at once. But fond of comfort as Dr. Dinwoodie might be—and he was nearing sixty, remember—and weak though he might sometimes prove at the onslaughts of such as Mrs. Sumner Howlett Prescott, he was not the man to retreat at such a time.

Instead he stepped into the room.

"Connie!" he thundered, his fine eyes ablaze. "Stand up!"

Connie stooped, planted a swift kiss on the swollen mouth of her unspeakable companion, ran her fingers through his hair, and announced:

"It's Dr. Dinwoodie, ducky," and added irrepressibly, "I guess he's come to marry us."

"Marry you?" echoed Dr. Dinwoodie. "*Marry* you!"

"He's going to say he's married me once already," remarked Connie. She glanced up, her eyes shameless. "But that time doesn't count, really, Dr. Dinwoodie," she explained. "It didn't take, somehow—the way a vaccination doesn't sometimes, you know."

"Vaccination!" choked Dr. Dinwoodie.

"It isn't so different, is it?" asked Connie guilelessly. "All you can do is to try either, and see if it makes a real difference in you. When you married me to Peter, it didn't make the slightest—so why not try again?"

For a second, Dr. Dinwoodie could only stare. He had known her to be irresponsible, irreligious, but——

"I had always believed," he managed finally, "that at the worst you were merely frivolous. But now I have learned to my great sorrow——"

Connie giggled. "Lots of men are discovering lots of things about me tonight, aren't they, Peter?" she asked. "First Ted, then you, and now Dr. Dinwoodie."

"Peter!" gasped Dr. Dinwoodie, in a little more than a whisper. "*Peter?*"

"Well—who did you think it was?" demanded Connie. And added demurely, "Really, Dr. Dinwoodie, I think you owe me an apology——"

Dr. Dinwoodie slumped into a chair—he felt as if his legs had been knocked out from under him—and fidgeted with his collar. "Please—get me a glass of water," he murmured.

From the house across the way came a wild shout. So far as Dr. Dinwoodie was concerned, it fell on deaf ears. He who aroused it was not so fortunate.

Ted had returned to his guests.

"My word!" gasped one. "Who hit you——"

"Don't say we ought to see the other fellow," suggested another heartlessly. "He *couldn't* look any worse."

Ted glared at them. "Shut up," he snapped, "or I'll lick the three of you."

"A glutton, I calls 'im," jeered the third.

"Ain't you had enough for one night?"

"ENOUGH of outraged husbands," retorted Ted grimly. And added, "Confound women, anyway!"

They shouted at that, but again their din fell on deaf ears so far as Dr. Dinwoodie was concerned. He sat, his request for water forgotten, conscious only of the spreading warmth of the fire and of a miracle somehow achieved—just how, he did not know, and was now blissfully too relaxed to wonder.

They who had achieved it were in the kitchen, where they had gone in search of the water requested.

"It's probably turned off—anyway it ought to be," suggested Peter.

"Ought to be ain't," retorted Connie. She tried to turn the faucet. "Mi-gosh, it feels as if the pipes were frozen solid!"

They were, he assured her, a second later.

"Plain shiftlessness, I call it," announced Connie. And added abruptly, "Have you alcohol in the radiator of your car, Peter?"

"Good Lord, no!" remembered Peter. "Is there any in the house?"

She looked at him, her eyes unveiled.

"Does it—matter?" she whispered.

His answer was most satisfactory, though she gave a little involuntary "Ouch!" at its ardor.

And it was for once she that presently remembered Dr. Dinwoodie.

"It must have been an awful shock to him, poor man," she said. And then, being Connie, she must add frivolously: "Wasn't it lucky *you* got here first. Because—well, if he had broken in on the Great Love Scene Ted was trying so hard to stage, you would never have believed my side of it, would you?"

"Probably not," he admitted. He hesitated, then added, "But, on the level, Connie, I'm still dazed. I always thought that if he had—well, money—you would have married him like a shot——"

"Why?" she demanded directly.

"Because—well, he is darned attractive. And more your sort."

"And like calls to like?" she suggested. "But how about the attraction of opposites?"

"It never seemed to work with me and you," he commented, suddenly bitter.

"Oh—you darn idiot!" she flashed. "You never gave it a chance to! You always let me walk all over you. Even on our honeymoon when if—if just once——"

"What?" he demanded, as she stopped short.

"NONE of your business," she flashed. Yet added tempestuously, "Yes it is, too, your business. Don't you see that you've got to fight against me, sometimes, just as hard as you fought Ted tonight, if I'm to—to——"

"Please don't say it's just because I lost my temper," pleaded Peter, "and—and——"

"And licked him to a frazzle," supplemented Connie with a reminiscent glow in her eyes. "Gosh, I never dreamed you'd *ever* let go that way, Peter. Oh, I know it was shocking, but—I sort of loved it just the same. And"—virtuously—"he did deserve it, you know."

Peter hesitated. "But—hadn't you given him some encouragement, Connie?"

"Loads—last summer," she confessed frankly. And then her eyes met his, candid as a child's. "And perhaps just a little tonight. But—I wanted awfully to go over there when I felt so frozen and I just couldn't. And when he tried to rush me off my feet that way, I—Oh, it's funny; but I felt in my bones somehow that you would come. I—I wanted you to so——"

"Truly?" he broke in breathlessly. "Then—then perhaps——"

"The marriage *did* take after all," contributed Connie. And added irrepressibly, "Only *I* had to be shaken well after taking——"

She paused, startled. "What's that?" she demanded.

They both listened. From the library, becoming *crescendo*, came an unmistakable snore.

For the young, journeys may end in lovers' meetings; for a man nearing sixty, nothing better can be hoped for, on such a night as this, than the surrender to nature, before a warming fire.

In peace Dr. Dinwoodie slept.

"Oh, darn—I'd forgotten him," murmured Connie. Then, swiftly, added, "But anyway we can shake him in the morning, and—could we have another honeymoon, Peter?"

His arm tightened about her.

"I have just been advised," he replied, "*not* to give in too much, but this time I think—I'll let you have your way."

"No—your way," she amended, snuggling into his coat.

THE END

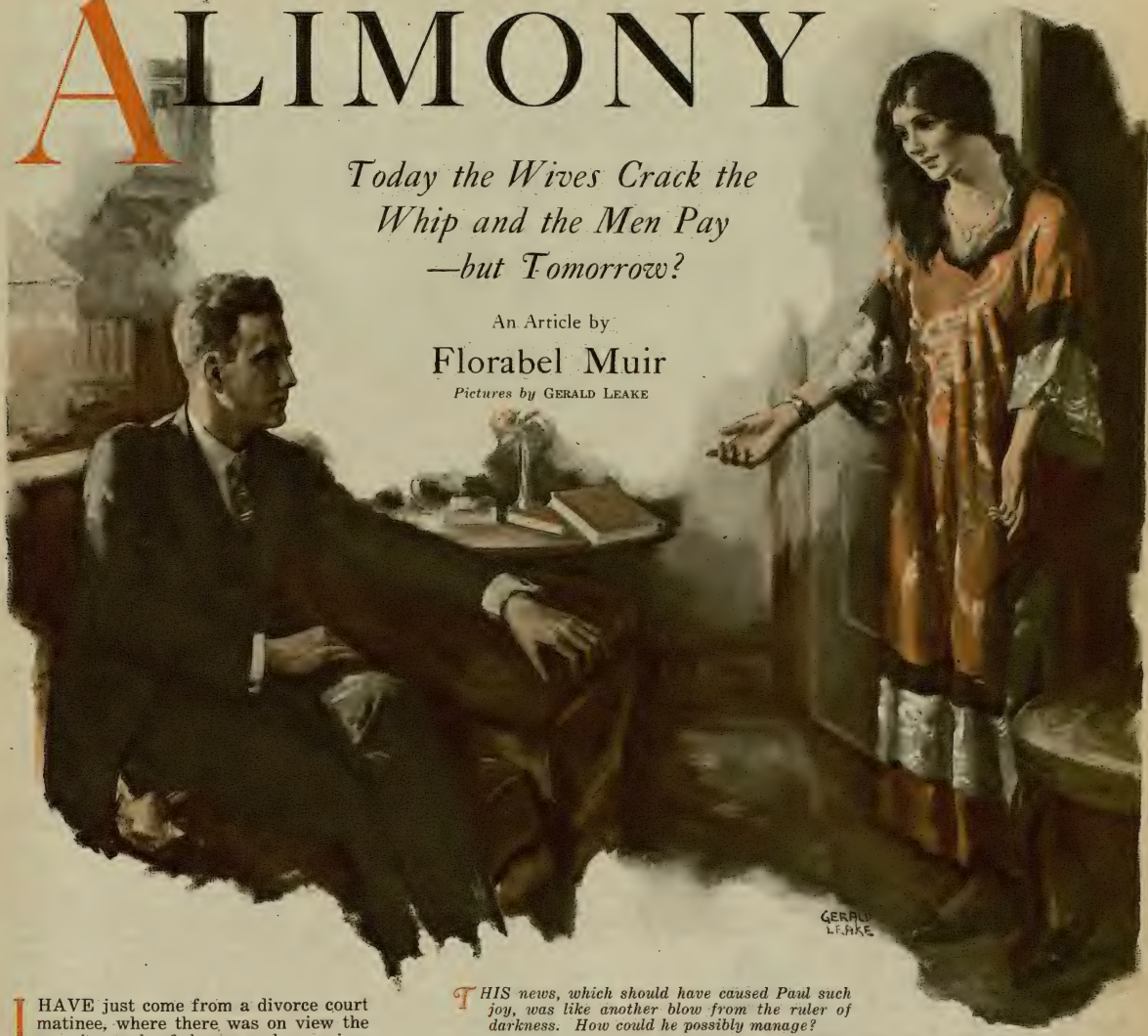
ALIMONY

Today the Wives Crack the Whip and the Men Pay —but Tomorrow?

An Article by

Florabel Muir

Pictures by GERALD LEAKE



THIS news, which should have caused Paul such joy, was like another blow from the ruler of darkness. How could he possibly manage?

I HAVE just come from a divorce court matinee, where there was on view the amazing cycle of slavery and emancipation marking the eternal conflict between male and female. Today the wives crack the whip and the men wear the shackles; tomorrow the scene may change.

Years ago, women were the slaves. Economically, they didn't have a voice. But battle after battle for financial independence won them the right to support by their husbands before and after divorce. Failure to provide brought men into jail cells throughout the land.

The Ludlow Street jail in New York alone furnished the sad spectacle of an army of luckless husbands banqueting on bread and water in quarters which came to be known as the Alimony Club.

As all victors are apt to do, women lost their heads. Floating about in rosy clouds of emancipation, they failed to realize that any system, overworked, may peter out. Men, in the past, had put upon women. Now women had the opportunity to put upon men. Their victims must pay, and through the nose.

Wives take advantage of the fact that man puts up a poor showing in a battle with woman before an audience. An ancient chivalry, still prevailing, puts the onus on the husband who, driven to desperation by his wife, gives her a sock on the nose. The sock may have been in reality little more than a tap, but when described by her attorney, accompanied by tears and moans from the sockee, it becomes a haymaker.

The judge glowers at the offending male because he senses that it is the proper thing to do before an indignant audience, three-fourths women.

"Decree granted, with five hundred dollars attorney's fees and fifty dollars a week permanent alimony," mutters the court as if pronouncing a sentence on the husband for beating his wife.

The victim gasps. He earns only $75 a week. The courtroom audience smiles approval. A big, strong husband who strikes his poor little wife ought to be made to pay for it.

Thus, the alimony system takes on the form of punishment for misdeeds committed by the husband during the marital course, rather than that of a just form of sustenance for the dependent wife, as it was intended to do at its inception, around the year 1858.

Marital crimes grow, in many cases, in proportion to the imagination of wives and their attorneys. A little push becomes a body blow. A wearied retort of "Fer Gawd's sake, shut up," becomes profanity tinged with cruel and inhuman treatment.

Hideous mental suffering develops when Papa tells Mamma she ought to be sent to the booby hatch. Every slip of that sort costs Papa some hard-earned jack when he goes before the divorce court. Her attorney will set forth that the poor woman suffered mental agony because she was accused of being insane.

Now what chance has the husband against a

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[ALIMONY
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combination of that character? Not any; and he soon realizes it. Here and there a rebel broke into jail and the columns of the newspapers because he refused to dig up the alimony ordered by the court. Several weeks of entertainment by the jailer in Alimony Row soon took all the starch out of his collar and his backbone. Weakly he submitted.

The husband who fought in the open against paying alimony became the target for all the cutting gibes of society. It appeared to the wiser ones that it was better to pay and wait.

Recently an uncanny bit of propaganda has been thrown out by the men. It was insinuated that women admitted their inferiority by accepting support from ex-husbands.

The girls mistook this for one of their own ideas and flaunted it in the faces of alimony-seeking wives. It succeeded in causing some wives to loftily waive their rights to alimony.

SUCH conduct gave prominent jurists cause for thought. After all, why not let these healthy, childless women scratch about for themselves if they couldn't get along with the men they promised to love, honor, and obey?

Whereupon there came a blast that rocked the foundation of the alimony system. Jurists from Maine to California leaped into the public prints to tell what they thought about the marriage graft, and the lying, cheating wives who clamped the chains of bondage about the necks of their former husbands.

Then came to light all manner of tales concerning husbands whose lives had been broken on the rack of alimony. I heard one, during my visit to the divorce matinee.

Paul and Audrey were husband and wife for ten hard-fought years. Almost any remark of either would bring the other into action with fists up, ready for a quick, short bout. Paul crabbed because there were no children to fight over. He intimated that Audrey would rather flirt than retire from festive scenes to take up the duties of motherhood.

He wanted a home and children, but Audrey was too busy training for the next sparring match with her mate to give any attention to creating a home.

When Paul reached the dangerous age of forty and Audrey was thirty-eight, a particularly vicious battle precluded any possibility of patching things up. They decided on divorce.

Paul agreed to let Audrey get the divorce, as most chivalrous males do. Tradition will not let them act the part of the aggressor in a public controversy with a woman. Thus, they are licked before they start if they are in the hands of an unscrupulous and vindictive woman. Yet, day after day, men fatuously stick their heads in the noose and rely on "the little wife" to do the square thing by them.

Audrey had no such intention. She meant to get everything out of the wreck that she could. After Paul left home, he felt lonely, with no feminine ears to talk into, so he slipped into another fatal error. He invited his secretary to luncheon and to the theater.

During a conference with Audrey she nearly knocked him cold with the announcement that she intended to name the secretary, Ruth, as co-respondent in her divorce suit.

"But you can't—you haven't any proof of wrongdoing. Ruth has an unimpeachable character!" cried Paul.

"What a child you are," retorted Audrey. "A wife does not need to have proof. She needs only suspicion. A girl who would go out with a married man is always under suspicion."

Paul threshed about in a dumb, bewildered rage. He reminded Audrey of her own many indiscretions.

"I believe you are in love with this girl," she flared.

Despite Paul's insistence that he didn't care a whoop for the girl and was only taking her out because they were both lonely, Audrey continued to assert that the whole thing looked fishy to her.

"It's funny that you didn't really push this divorce plan until you became interested in Ruth," she insisted.

"Audrey, you know we've been on the verge of divorce for years. I think it is unsportsmanlike to drag her into this mess."

Audrey's beautiful, limpid eyes narrowed until they became two slits of vengeful fire.

"I shall name this girl in my complaint unless you give me two hundred dollars a month alimony," she rapped out.

They had agreed on $150 before the subject of Ruth came up. Paul yelled and otherwise lost his head, but it availed him nothing. He was to learn how cold and calculating the little wife can be when she thinks she sees another woman stepping into the soft spot she is vacating.

"You can't name her," howled Paul. "She could sue you for malicious libel unless you can prove something wrong against her."

"She could sue, but she won't. Any woman knows how a wife stands in court. The co-respondent has a slim chance to get over any evidence in a divorce suit. Any girl with a lick of sense wouldn't try it."

Audrey spoke from the heights of virtuous wifehood. Seeing the uselessness of further argument, Paul put his name to the agreement for $200 a month alimony to avoid mixing Ruth up in a nasty scandal. Again he was all wrong.

AUDREY slipped over another one and named Ruth anyway. Paul, having agreed to let the decree go by default, was not in the courtroom. He read of his disgrace in a newspaper. Ruth was forced to give up her place in his office and seek another position. Audrey was right; Ruth did not sue. She knew it meant much publicity, and a hazardous chance of winning anything.

Two hundred out of Paul's $300 a month left him a slim margin. He rented a bachelor apartment and by doing some of his own cooking, managed to carry on. It was a struggle, but he met the alimony as it fell due every month.

Meantime, he saw more and more of Ruth. He had been married too long to accustom himself to single life again.

One day he offered her marriage. She refused. She had come to care for him, but thought he was proposing in the line of duty.

After several more months of her companionship he realized that he loved her more than he had ever loved Audrey. She was such a home girl. She epitomized the cheer and comfort of one's own fireside. She was the logical mother for his children. He became eager to take another wife, despite the hardships his first wife had caused him.

In their wild surge of love, the couple overlooked the fact that Paul was able to contribute only $100 a month to the new home. Or, if they did not entirely overlook it, they smeared it over with honeyed thoughts of how they could manage somehow. Ruth could keep her job for a while. Audrey would surely marry again and thus free them of Paul's burden.

So Paul heroically took up the task of supporting two wives. Longingly he looked for the day when some other man would lead Audrey down the corridor of orange blossoms.

"I'm not the marrying fool that Paul seems to be," Audrey told her friends. "He has made me a bed of roses and he'll have to dig if he wants to keep two women in the style to which I have been accustomed."

Paul went about like a gopher, digging and digging, but muttering against the injustice of it. The hopes the couple had of a home in the suburbs went agley like the plans of many other mice and men, while Audrey laughed and collected her alimony. Then——

FOUR months after his marriage with Ruth, Paul's firm failed. He did not find another position readily. Creditors clamored, and the worst of these was Audrey.

Paul paid her up with a little reserve he had in the bank and then, just as he was scuttling about to raise enough to meet the next installment, Ruth told him she was to become a mother. This news, which should have brought Paul such joy, was like another blow from the ruler of darkness. How could he possibly manage? Out of work three months, he almost lost his mind in a rage when he learned that Audrey was earning $60 a week in addition to the money he was paying her.

His bitterness increased when he learned that her conduct was not as it should be. He began to rail against his country and its laws, until his friends feared that he would commit some act of violence. But he only continued to pay Audrey's alimony.

After a while his household expenses grew so high that he fell far behind with his monthly remittance. Then his chief expense began to send him threatening notes. Her handwriting, once so dear, now took on the sinister ugliness engendered by hate.

It irked him to be compelled to reply to these insults with conciliating notes in order to keep out of the jail cell with which she threatened him. But there came the day when Audrey could be put off no longer. She sent a constable with a court order summoning Paul to show cause why he should not pay up the $1,400 he was in arrears.

It looked as if the cell doors were beckoning. Ruth, in her condition, became hysterical with fear. She clung to her husband, frantically sobbing, and thereby sent him into a paroxysm of gibbering rage. They kept up this procedure one night until dawn. Then, their emotions exhausted, they sat down and faced the ordeal.

Ruth had a clear thought. She decided to send for help to her only living relative, a grandfather, who had a little money laid away for his old age. He answered her plea by sending $2,000. Paul was saved from prison.

He went before the court and asked that the amount of accrued alimony be reduced, explaining his straitened circumstances and telling of his wife's imminent illness.

The judge refused, explaining that he had no power under the law to force a wife to forego alimony because her husband had been out of work. He would have to pay or go to jail. The court did, however, take cognizance of the hard road Paul was traveling and offered to consider a plea for a reduction of future alimony. And, despite Audrey's protests, she was cut down to $150 a month.

Then, when they were getting back on their feet a bit, Ruth began to bedevil Paul about raising a family.

"We should have more children," she sighed. "It is not right to bring one poor little tad up all alone."

"Impossible!" cried the harassed Paul. "Not while the laws of our country consider it more expedient to support a parasitical woman than to provide an opportunity for the birth of future citizens."

When Paul was given a raise to $400 a month, they had new hopes for their home in

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

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"I'm not the marrying fool that Paul seems to be," Audrey told her friends.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

the country, but another jinx overtook them. Audrey attended a lecture by a woman in the employ of the Federal government who was upholding the publication of income tax lists.

"The benefit to be derived from publicity on tax returns," she said, "lies in those cases where men are not paying alimony in proportion to their earnings. The publicity will show them up and permit their former wives to get their rights."

This gave Audrey an idea. From the income tax lists she learned that Paul had been given a raise. Two days later Paul was served with papers ordering him into court to show cause why he should not increase Audrey's alimony payments. Before the judge she accused him of fraudulently obtaining a decrease in the payments and explained how she knew he was receiving more money than he had set forth in his petition.

He was forced to admit, of course, that he was earning $400 a month and her attorney got him all mixed up when he tried to explain why he had been forced to have the alimony reduced. In short, Paul's appearance in court was far from successful. He was too angry to be coherent, and Audrey was able to appear too attractive when she cried and told of her suffering from ill health. He was ordered to tack back the fifty to the alimony.

Thus the injustices to Paul and Ruth will perhaps continue. They are both convinced now that Audrey will never remarry. She seems to live only to spite them. They can only hope and, I am afraid, pray for her death, which will mean their liberty. There will be no home in the suburbs, and Ruth's baby will grow up without any brothers or sisters.

Paul is losing his ambition. What will it avail him if he should work hard and get another raise, he argues. He is convinced that only Audrey can profit from any such good luck. He doesn't rave any more. He only querulously complains. He has become a hopeless bit of driftwood in the whirling eddies of alimony.

"I was reading about cancer in a magazine," he remarked to me, "and all I could think of was the alimony leech. The divorce is like the operation for cancer in that it relieves the man of the woman, but the financial obligations remain, like the roots of the cancer, until they drain the vital forces and the victim is destroyed."

AND so the battle of wits between Jack and Jill runs merrily on. The cycle, revolving, puts the burden first on the man and then on the woman. Just now it would seem that it is about to shift to the shoulders of the frail-appearing sex. There is a hue and cry against such cases as that of Paul and Audrey, which can brew only trouble for Audrey's sisters.

There must always be alimony, the legal chiefs point out, to care for those wives who have given up their lives to matrimony and are left without ability to earn a living in the world of business. There are also mothers with young children who need their care, thereby making it almost impossible for the mothers to enter any business or profession whereby they may earn a livelihood.

But woe to the healthy, childless woman who is physically and mentally as able to earn her daily bread after her divorce as she was before her wedding! Her days of idle luxury seem to be numbered.

If you do not believe it, listen to this: "There will be no alimony granted in the court to a healthy, childless woman," thunders Justice Harry A. Lewis from his bench in Chicago.

"Your stand is right," agrees Justice Selah B. Strong of the Supreme Court of New York. "When able-bodied women have no children and are still young—that is, the woman whom years of wifehood have not ruined as a money earner and who has not suffered or been set back by marriage—there should not be a cent of alimony."

"Selah!" echoes a chorus of eminent jurists from the Allegheny Mountains to the high Sierras, meaning that they believe Justices Strong and Lewis have the right slant on the situation.

And so the wheel turns, and the eternal conflict of the sexes rages on, with no armistice in sight. Hard-pressed males are bearing aloft the standard of revolt. What will the harvest be?

THE END

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Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

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"I WAS RUN DOWN and being a fancy dancer and in need of all the strength possible I started a year ago to eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day. Since then I have had a splendid appetite and the best of health. I heartily recommend run down people to do as I did."
ESTELLE (MISKOYA) DOYEN, Chicago, Ill.

LEFT

"I WAS AN AVIATOR for three years. It was a pretty hard life. The food generally was not of the best and was usually gulped down in a hurry. I became constipated and my face broke out. Physics afforded but slight temporary relief and nothing seemed to help my face. Finally I commenced taking two cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day. I had no more trouble. My face cleared and my constipation became a thing of the past."
ALFONSO GOMEZ IZQUIERDO, San Francisco, Calif.

"TERRIBLE INDIGESTION BESIEGED ME after every meal. After trying all the home remedies, as well as many patent medicines and even starving myself in vain, to cure my trouble, I began to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. Fifteen days afterwards, I had had only one slight touch of indigestion. It was exceptionally light, lasting but for a moment and I have not had a repetition since, although I have given myself very severe tests with foods that were formerly impossible for me to digest. I am now a walking testimonial of what Fleischmann's Yeast can do, and did do in my particular instance."
C. H. WORTZ, JR.,
Fort Smith, Ark.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

The Saga of Ederle

A Girl's Pluck Conquers the Sea

Part II—BATTLE

An Article by

Julia Harpman

EDITOR'S NOTE: "The most miraculous feat in the history of sports." Those who know thus described Gertrude Ederle's conquest of the English Channel. Here is the first hour-by-hour eyewitness story of that epochal exploit. The writer, Miss Julia Harpman, paints a vivid picture of the start and of the heartbreaking time in mid-channel when it seemed that brave Trudy's titanic struggle must fail. The dauntless pluck that carried Miss Ederle through that soul-trying ordeal is impressively revealed in this story.

P. & A. photos

Gertrude Ederle: holding Stroke, her canine mascot on the Channel swim.

TRUDY'S training consisted mainly of eating three good meals a day, walking at least five miles daily, swimming almost every day, being massaged with horse-liniment every night before she tumbled into that terrible bed, and sleeping ten hours a night.

She is blessed with the ability to sleep soundly, no matter how wretched her bed may be, and in spite of any disturbance that the day might have brought.

The walls of our bedroom, covered in horrible blue, black, and red wall-paper, had the general complexion of a bruised eye. They were mildewed with great, bleached, leprous spots. The sheets were always clammy and they were replaced only every five weeks. Our napkins were changed once a week and, for self-protection, we kept them in wooden rings which we bought in Boulogne and which Trudy carved with our names. We brought those ugly napkin rings home with us, vowing to keep them as badges of

TRUDY entering the water at the start of her record-breaking feat.

"The Channel Coo-Coo Club," a name which Trudy gave her gang.

"For we're all coo-coo or we wouldn't be here to swim the Channel," she said. Trudy never uses the pronoun "I." She always said, "*We* will swim the Channel." And, even after her wonderful triumph, Trudy said, "Well, we did it, didn't we?"

She was not so confident of success as determined to succeed. There were long, hot arguments. At our table were the four of us who were Trudy's very own, and Helmy, Burgess, a young French boy, Marcel, who came to help with the boat in return for learning English; and, usually, Costa.

"If they didn't tell you so much about the Channel, I'm sure it would be much easier to swim," said Trudy. "They try to frighten you to death before you start."

The hotel was equipped with a large bath-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SAGA OF EDERLE Continued from Page Nineteen]

tub. It never could be used, for the plumbing was not connected and there was a great, round hole near the keel, over which giant, black spiders spun their webs.

Each bedroom boasted a wash-basin, with taps through which water may some day run. But that day was not yet come. For those basins, like the tub, are a snare and a delusion.

There was no telephone at our hotel and the only illumination for our bedrooms was furnished by candles. There are only two telephones in Gris Nez. At 7 o'clock each evening, the telephone operator at the next town goes to bed and Gris Nez is cut off from the world.

Trudy had hoped to make her attempt during July; but whenever the tide was right, the wind was wrong. Burgess wanted her to try it during a spring tide. We all prayed for good weather.

Trudy was the least troubled of us all.

"When the time comes, we'll go," she said. "Whoever is intended to get over, will get there. Let anybody who wants to start, go on. If I'm to be the first woman to make it, I'll get there. And if I'm not, there's no use worrying about it in advance."

TRUDY at seventeen when she swam from the Battery to Sandy Hook, New Jersey.

WE knew that Trudy would have to make her attempt between the 6th and 12th of August, when the spring tides would be running. It was risky to wait longer because the weather might be too cold late in August.

Trudy's goggles had given her considerable trouble. They had been made in New York, after much explanation on Trudy's part, and were the result of splendid workmanship. Nevertheless, they were absolutely worthless to a swimmer, because they leaked. They were made of a slightly curved piece of orange-colored glass, set in metal that was lined with leather. Through every tiny hole at which the leather was attached to the metal, the salt-water seeped.

Two days before Trudy's swim, Art Sorenson discovered that by lining the inside of the glass with candle grease, the water could be kept out. He then applied a coating of white-lead to the outside of the goggles, and they became entirely waterproof.

For weeks we had discussed the best type of bathing suit for Trudy to wear in the Channel. During her first attempt, she had worn a regulation bathing costume. It was cut high in the back and hampered her by crawling up her neck. Also, this baggy part of the suit ballooned with water.

There ensued a struggle with Trudy's modesty, and many discussions of what was permissible for a girl to wear while swimming the Channel. Most of the men who succeeded wore nothing but their skins.

Finally, we evolved a scant costume, conceding a great deal to modesty, and consisting of a narrow brassiere of dark blue silk, and a pair of short silk trunks. At one side of the brassiere, Trudy sewed a tiny silk American flag. On the other she fastened the emblem of the Women's Swimming Association of New York, which had elected her to honorary membership for life.

When you hire a tug you are informed that on the day of the swim you will be required to give six hours' advance notice, so that the tug may be made ready. If it is later than 7 o'clock at night when you make up your mind, there is only one way to carry the word to the captain of the tug in Boulogne. The telephone has gone to sleep for the night, so you drive over the rutted roads, wasting forty minutes each way that may be precious in your arrangements.

Such was the case with us. At 10 o'clock Thursday night, August 5, Burgess decided that Trudy would start at 6:45 the next morning, four hours before high tide at Dover.

The announcement raised a cheer from us in the little barroom of the hotel of the lighthouse. Pop ordered a round of drinks. Trudy and Margaret took grenadine. Ross White, a photographer who had come to take pictures of the start, tossed off his cognac and set his glass down on the bar. The glass shattered.

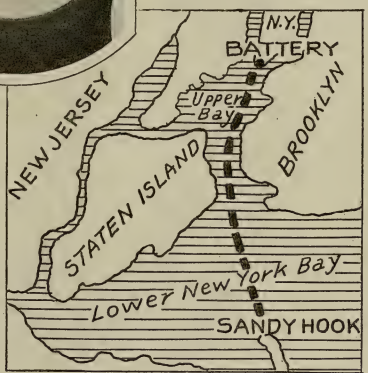
"Gee, that's luck," said Trudy.

"Well, if breaking glass is luck, we'll have plenty of it," said Ross. "Because I smashed a window in the train today."

Trudy recalled that Sorenson recently had smashed the windshield of Blondiau's prehistoric limousine and had also broken a window of the hotel, pitching a mashie shot through the same.

"That's fine," Trudy said. "We're going to have lots of luck."

The kid is very superstitious. She believes that if you spill salt, you're bound to have a quarrel, unless you throw some over your left shoulder with your right hand. She believes it's a good sign to see the new moon first over her right shoulder. She makes a wish on the evening star. She hates thirteen, and thinks a rainy day brings her luck.



Map of the route from the Battery, New York City, to Sandy Hook, twenty-one miles, which Gertrude Ederle covered in 7 hours, 11 minutes, and 30 seconds.

"Whenever I entered a swimming competition on a rainy day, I won," Trudy told me. "We always said, 'Rainy day is Trudy's day.'"

Trudy thinks red is her lucky color. She went into the water wearing a red bathing cap. She likes red hats and dresses and the only reward she asked for swimming the channel was a red roadster. For her bedroom, she prefers orchid draperies and bed covers.

Both Trudy and Margaret are deeply religious, but, like all truly religious people, they do not prattle about their faith.

On the day before the swim, we missed Margaret. For several hours we could not find her. Later, she admitted to me that she had walked two miles over the tumbled rocks and pebbly beach to the shrine of the Virgin Mary at Audresselles, where she lit a candle in the tiny cave beneath the Virgin's statue and said a prayer for Trudy's safety. Margaret is not a Catholic, but she, like thousands of other non-Catholics, went to the little shrine to pray.

We all kissed Trudy good-night that night. Burgess gave her a massage and she went to bed and was asleep by 11 o'clock.

Costa had to be notified to advise the tug captain to start for Cape Gris Nez at 4 o'clock in the morning. Going against the tide, the tug would need an hour and a half, and we wanted to allow plenty of time so that nothing could go wrong at the last moment. There were provisions to be bought and put on the tug, for you must furnish food for the crew and guests. Trudy's food had to be prepared, for her chicken broth must be fresh and great care had to be taken to prevent its contamination. There was no ice at Gris Nez, so her food had to be prepared at the last moment. Madame Blondiau and her mother-in-law stayed up all night to cook a chicken and make broth for Trudy.

Margaret and I went to bed for two hours, but neither of us slept. At 4 o'clock we went to Trudy's bed. She was sleeping deeply. She woke when we kissed her, smiled and said, "Do we go?"

The dawn was breaking. Trudy went to the window and looked out.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful?" she said. "I'm so happy, so very happy! England or bust."

She went to the kitchen for her breakfast. She ate a large bowlful of cornflakes with milk, half a fried chicken, a peach, and a cup of coffee, diluted with much milk. Trudy drinks little coffee and that weak.

An omnibus with all of our friends who were going on our tug had departed for Boulogne, where they were to board the tug. Only Margaret, Burgess, and I were to go out to the tug in the small boat.

We waited an hour for Trudy to digest her breakfast and then I walked up the hill to Burgess' house, which surmounts the rocks.

Burgess gathered together a crate of green grapes, an extra pair of overalls, and an alarm clock, and set off toward the hotel with me. Just as we were leaving his hilltop, we heard the siren of the Alsace as she came round the rocks.

THE sun was rising.

"Looks like a good day," said Bill.

Trudy was first rubbed all over with olive oil and that was allowed to soak in for nearly an hour. Then lanolin, a heavy, yellow, clinging grease, was applied. Over that, vaseline was rubbed and, finally, lard.

There were dozens of photographers and press representatives gathered on the beach when Trudy came down and a great crowd of villagers and summer visitors. The press people had hired a second tug.

Burgess led Trudy to the water's edge before he got in the rowboat with Margaret and me.

A funny little black and white dog that had followed us to the beach, licked a bit of the grease that dropped from Trudy's body as she waved her hand and entered the water at exactly 7:05 o'clock.

The crowd shouted "cheerio, Trudy!" and she yelled back, "cheerio!"

We waved the American flag to signal to the people on our tug that the swim had started. The Alsace saluted with its siren.

Then began a swim that Burgess and Captain Courthes and John Hayward, an Englishman who has been on more Channel swims than any other man alive, all agreed was impossible.

"No human being can live through such a sea," each one of them told me again and again during that wonderful, terrible day.

Trudy had often begged her father, her sister, Art Sorenson, and me not to allow her to be taken out unless she seemed to be drowning.

"No matter what anybody says," Trudy besought us, "don't let anybody take me out.

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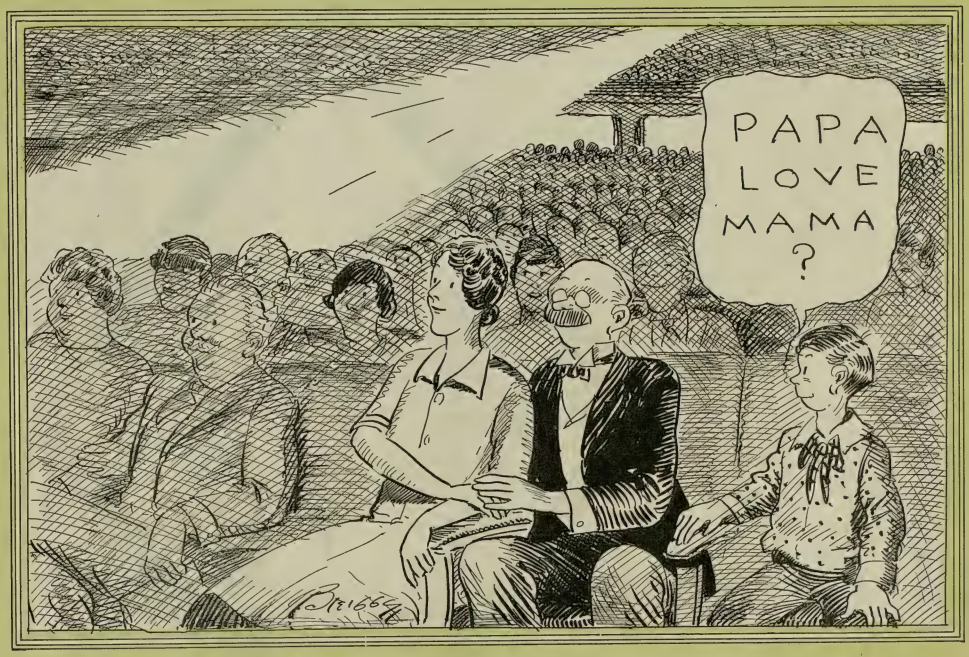

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

I won't drown. If I go down once, I'll be sure to come up again and that will be time enough to take me out. But never, unless I ask you to, allow anyone to touch me. I'll faint before I ask to be taken out. And I never fainted in my life."

We rowed out to the tug and clambered aboard, and the Alsace started on the way across the Channel, with Trudy swimming her beautiful, rhythmical American crawl stroke alongside. The rowboat was tied on behind the tug, and it was not used again until we reached the English side.

AFTER I got aboard the Alsace, I sat at my typewriter, on the deck of the tug, writing dispatches for the wireless.

Suddenly, I looked up from the typewriter and plainly saw across the water the sands on the English side. This, we all knew, was a bad sign. It presaged wind. I went to Burgess.

"That doesn't look so good, does it?" I asked.

"No," said Burgess, "but don't let Gertie know. I told her not to look up toward the English shore until the ninth hour, and I don't want anyone to let her know before then that we can see the cliffs."

The sun went behind heavy gray clouds and the wind freshened. The water grew choppy. Trudy was making excellent progress, but the wind was getting steadily worse.

At the third hour, we were joined by the La Morinie, the tug on which the other press people and photographers were. Also on that tug were Lillian Cannon and her husband. Just before we left Gris Nez, Miss Cannon had sent word that she would be glad to swim with Trudy for a while, if Trudy wanted her. In this, she showed good sportsmanship, for the company of another swimmer in the water helps to pass the time, and Trudy had been disappointed in failing to receive a response from Miss Vera Tanner, the champion woman swimmer of England, whom she had invited to swim with her part of the Channel crossing. Madame Jane Sion, the French Channel aspirant, and Omer Perreault, a Canadian swimmer, who were then training for the Channel at Maloles-Bains, near Dunkirk, also had been invited to go on our tug, but both expected to try the Channel within a few days of Trudy and, for that reason, were compelled to refuse. So Helmy and Margaret were the only swimmers with us.

Burgess had repeatedly warned Trudy to swim slowly. She is the fastest woman swimmer in the world and, even when she thinks she is making no progress, she is going faster than many good swimmers could go at their best. She started off evenly, averaging twenty-two strokes to the minute, with a four-beat kick to each complete stroke. But many times she went faster, and Burgess would call: "Take it easy, Gertie; take it easy." They had agreed between them that when Burgess wanted her to slow down, he would hold his hand out straight in front of him and motion it up and down. Burgess found it necessary many times to use that signal.

Trudy, slipping through the water with the grace of a flying seagull, sang softly to herself. She sang "Always" and "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary" and "Sweet Georgia Brown" and then Burgess called to her to save her breath.

We had brought the phonograph along and some loud needles. We put on the record "No More Worrying," and Trudy looked up and grinned and said, "There won't be if we get to Dover tonight."

Afterward, Trudy told us that the first hour had seemed to her the longest of the entire swim.

"I suppose it was because I needed that much time to get used to the water. I never was the slightest bit nervous. Most swimmers say they are nervous until they get under way in the Channel, but I wasn't. I went in with the thought 'Today or never'—and that thought was in my mind all the time.

"I remembered how terrible it had been to have to come home last year after having failed, and I was determined to get there this time. I was so thrilled during the entire swim and, unlike last year, I never became the slightest bit melancholy. My friends on the tug were so wonderfully encouraging. The singing and foolishness that they kept up all day kept my spirits up and my mind occupied and I never had time to worry about the swim. With such encouragement, I could not help but succeed.

"Swimming the Channel is all in the mind. You have to make up your mind that you're going to punish yourself. You can't give up as soon as the water gets a little rough or the wind gets bad. I think maybe that's why it's difficult for most women to swim the Channel. They don't want to punish themselves.

"Madame Sion always said I was too young to swim the Channel. But I didn't see why I should wait. It wasn't a matter of years, but of will-power and determination."

After the first hour, the tug began to pitch and some of our guests became miserably seasick. Among them was a charming Englishman and a very pretty French woman.

In spite of the change in the weather and the forces that were gathering against her, Trudy made excellent headway, keeping on a line between Cape Gris Nez and Dover Castle.

That was gratifying to all of us. Inasmuch as the Channel cannot be swum straight across, because of the eternal struggle that is going on between the North Sea and the Atlantic Ocean, it is the purpose of every Channel swimmer to get as far out toward midchannel on the first tide as is possible, without being swept down towards Boulogne. On the second tide, the swimmer who has started from France towards England, swims up toward the North Sea, hoping to get to the edge of the Goodwin Sands in time to catch a third and favorable tide that will help him toward the English coast.

GERTRUDE treading water while she drinks warm chicken broth to sustain her during the swim.

Burgess had mapped out a course which he thought ideal. He hoped Trudy would reach the Goodwin Sands by the tenth hour. But he admitted later that he had never realized her power of endurance. And, certainly, he had never expected such a dreadful day as it turned out to be. Because of Trudy's speed and the force of the wind, she went much further toward the North Sea on her second tide than Burgess had ever dreamed she would, and this jeopardized her own interests.

DURING the fifth hour, Margaret entered the water with Trudy.

The sea became terrific and the wind reached half a gale. Waves dashed over the deck of the tug, and Burgess, with his shaggy eyebrows lowering over his blue eyes, came to me.

"Gertie will have to come out," he said. "It's not humanly possible to go on in a sea like this."

"But," I objected, "she's not the slightest bit tired. She hasn't changed her stroke once, except while she was eating. She hasn't wanted to rest a second."

"It's much better for her to come out on account of the weather," Burgess insisted, "than to stay in until she's beaten, and then have to come out because she has collapsed."

"No," I said, "we promised that we'd not let anybody take her out unless she asked to get out herself. I won't take the responsibility of telling you to take her out. She'd never forgive me."

Burgess became very angry with me.

I went to old Louie Courthes, the keen-eyed, great-hearted captain, who never left his wheel for a second.

"Is there any chance, Captain?" I asked.

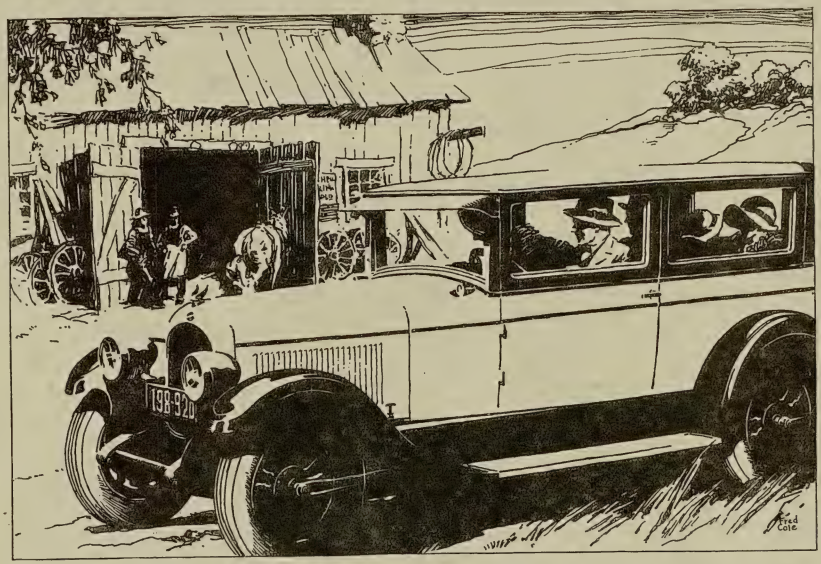
Louie shook his head sadly.

"No," he said. "No human being could do it today. Miss Ederle is the most wonderful swimmer I've ever seen. She's gone further than any other swimmer ever went in the same time, and she's had worse weather than any swimmer ever had. Even Farstad, the Norwegian, who had to abandon his swim because of the dreadful sea, did not have it this bad."

"The only chance," said Louie, "is when the tide changes. If she can last that long, and the wind drops then, there may still be hope."

Watching Trudy's struggle from the deck of the Alsace. Pop Ederle wearing the white cap.

"It is madness to keep on," said grizzled Bill Burgess, Trudy's trainer, as the cross-currents and treacherous seas of mid-channel chopped viciously at the girl. But Trudy had pledged herself to win through. Read of her glorious triumph in next week's LIBERTY.



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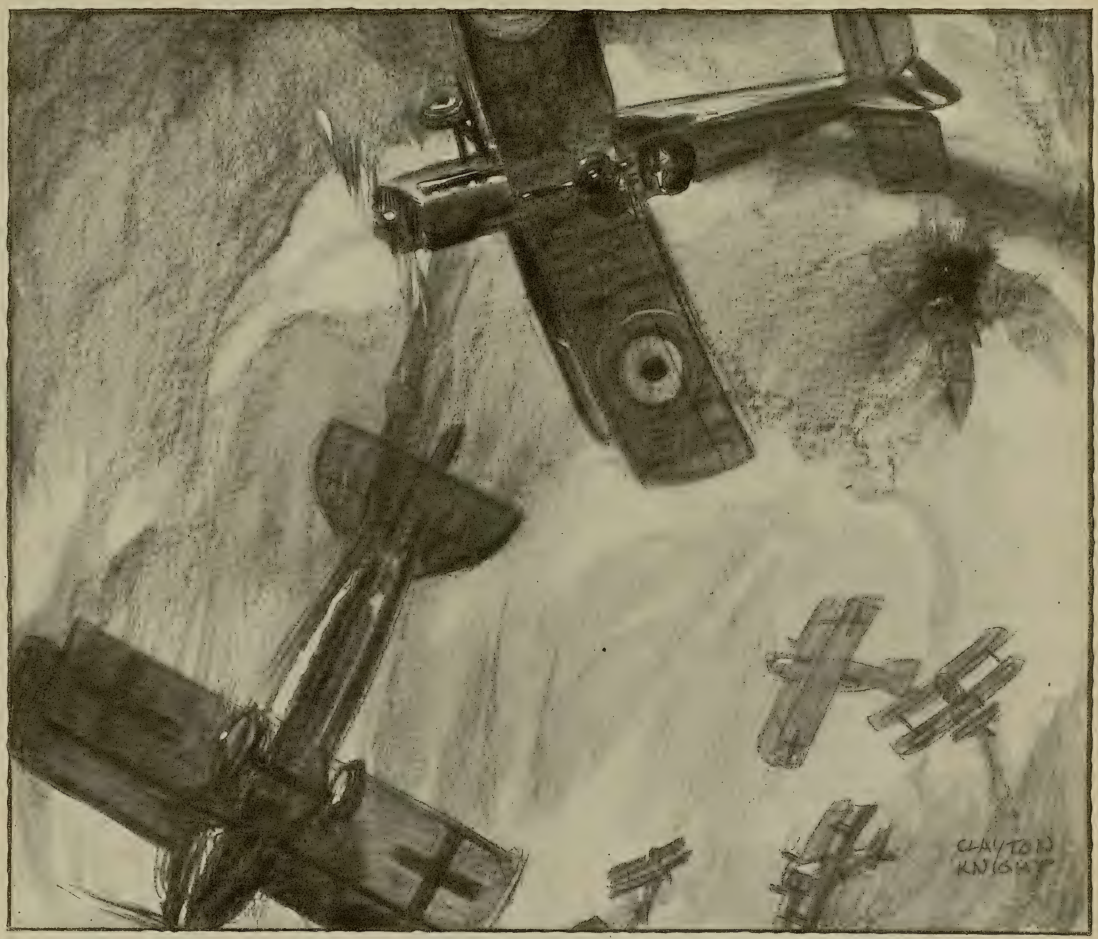


The author shoots down his first German plane out of control. The thrilling air fight is minutely described in this installment of the diary.

War Birds

The Diary of an American Aviator Killed in France

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

EDITOR'S NOTE: Volumes have been written on the terrific struggle of 1918 in France—the last mighty thrust of the German armies for victory. For sheer thrills, this narrative of an air fighter's day-to-day life never has been equaled. The record of that time is set down clearly, vividly, and with amazing effectiveness. You can start reading anywhere, because each day's adventures are distinct in themselves.

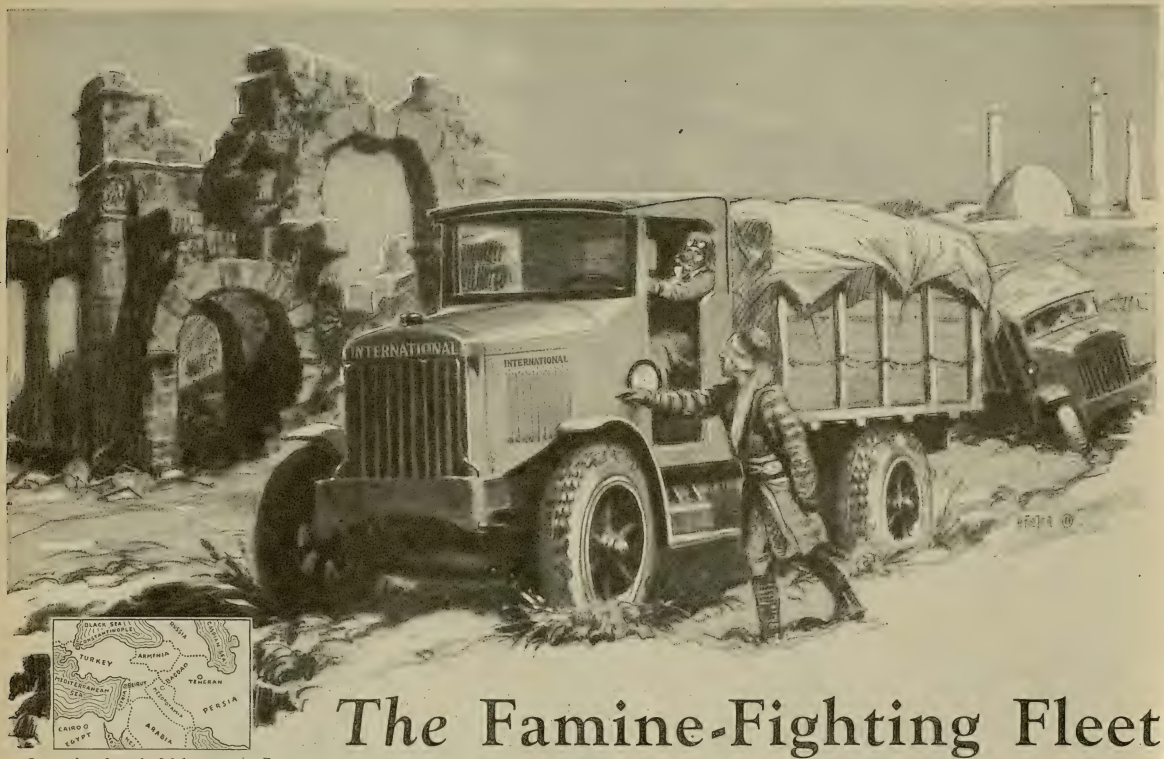
[The author, with Colonel Bishop's squadron, is stationed at Petit Snythe, on the British front, two miles from Dunkirk. The squadron has just arrived at the front and is allowed two weeks before starting actual fighting. But air battles are the order of the day from the beginning. The squadron already has accounted for six enemy planes.]

PART NINE

June, 1918.

I AM now decorating my plane so I won't be bored upstairs. It's quite like old times, playing with my bus. But instead of the spasmodic assistance of a Negro chauffeur, I have three expert Ak Emmas, who do nothing else but look after my bus and do my bidding. They never touch another one and, so far, I've managed to keep them pretty busy. Unless I bring down a Hun in a few days, I'm afraid they'll get fed up with their jobs. You

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]



In traveling from the Mediterranean to Persia the thirty Internationals covered a distance as great as from Canada to Mexico.

MUD—"The desert was just a bog, as it was winter time and nowhere what might be called a road," writes one of the members of the expedition.

WATER—*Torrential rains flooded the valleys and rendered even more difficult the early stretches of the journey, through Syria and Mesopotamia.*

SNOW *in the mountains near Teheran. "All the Internationals came through without the slightest mishap. The drivers, all new to the trucks, handled them easily and were most enthusiastic."*

The Famine-Fighting Fleet

ANOTHER "Message to Garcia"—the log of the International fleet that trekked across the Mesopotamian wastes at the call of the Persian government!

When famine threatened Teheran, the capital, last winter, the Persian administration ordered its first ten heavy-duty trucks from the International Harvester organization. Harvester world service placed the fleet at the nearest port on the Mediterranean Sea, Beirut, in Syria, ahead of other trucks ordered from Europe.

Then began the test of truck quality, a trip of 1350 miles across trackless desert and over snow-bound mountains. On February 2 the cavalcade set out. The trucks, chauffeured by English, French, Italian, Syrian, Arabian and Druse, were laden with food and fuel and with tons of cement for the British at Bagdad, and they were accompanied by an escort of armored cars of the British Air forces.

Twenty-six days were consumed between Beirut and Bagdad, every truck axle deep in mud and sand practically every mile of the way. Bagdad, ancient city of romance, gave the travelers a dinner in their honor and a night of rest, and transferred them from desert to mountain going. Motor fuel for the Persian government, and wheat, took the place of cement for cargo. The cavalcade forged on both night and day, and entered Teheran the seventh day after Bagdad.

The entire fleet was in the pink of condition and every truck of the ten, on the morning of arrival, went out to Kasvin, a hundred miles away, and began bringing back great loads of the precious wheat.

The Persian government, impressed by the stamina of International trucks, immediately ordered twenty more of them, and these have since duplicated the travel history of the first fleet.

The International line includes the Special Delivery, Speed Trucks of 1-ton and 1½-ton sizes, Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 1½-ton to 5-ton sizes, Motor Coaches for all requirements, and the McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractor. Served by the world's largest Company-owned truck service organization—120 branches in the United States and 17 in Canada. Write for complete descriptive literature.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

can tell by their letters that they like to have the machine they work on bring down Huns. You can also tell by their letters what they think of their officers.

They are changing the score now, as the Major has just come in and has shot down two more Huns—a scout and a two-seater. He's broken the English record and now has more than McCudden. Archie saw one of them go down and another one broke up in the air.

I PULLED a good one. Whenever we come back from a trip over the lines, we're supposed to shoot up all our spare ammunition at a ground target to keep in practice. I asked where the ground target was, and they told me it was a silhouette on the beach north of Ft. Mardick. The first time I came back, I went over, looking for it. I couldn't find it at first and then I saw a rotten attempt at a silhouette of a plane over in a corner of a field and I dove on it and emptied my guns into it. I knew my shooting was poor, but I didn't think it was that bad—it took me 100 rounds to get on the target. When I got back to Petit Snythe, there was a big strafe on. A Belgian major had telephoned over that a plane with my letter on it was shooting at their landing tee and they were all in the dugout, and to please send over and stop it before their mess was all shot to pieces. That's what I call good camouflage, when they can hide a whole squadron. Either that or I am blind as a bat.

There's only one objection to this locality! Dunkirk is only twenty miles from the lines, and it has a big harbor with three canals running into it, and it is just as easy to find it in the moonlight as in the daylight. This field is right between two canals, and there's a railroad siding back of the mess, so they always know where we are. The Huns bomb Dunkirk every clear night and it's got tiresome already. And every day, about noon, they shell Dunkirk with a long-range gun from Ostend. The civilian population live in cellars and spends most of the day down there, too. I don't see why they don't all move.

The first couple of raids didn't bother us at all. We stood out in front and watched and thought it was good fun. But one night it suddenly began raining nose fuses around us and some friendly Hun dropped a bomb in the middle of the field. Since then we have swallowed our pride and take shelter in the dugout. It's carefully sandbagged and has a telephone in it and a special compartment for the officers that is fairly comfortable. But I don't like it. You read too much about bombs falling on dugouts, and if they get a direct hit, it will kill everyone in it.

We are doing regular patrols now, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. We stay over the lines two hours each trip and our beat is from the coast to Courtrai, which is about fifteen miles east of Ypres, commonly known as Wipers. It's a comparatively quiet sector in daytime, but a lot of dirty work goes on at night. The French and Belgian armies hold the trenches, so look after their own artillery and reconnaissance. Whenever we are looking for Huns, we go down south of Wipers in the salient, where they are as plentiful as niggers in a watermelon patch on a moonlight night.

June 4.

EVERYBODY in the squadron has some sort of a dog. Cunningham-Reed had a forced landing and came back with a Belgian fox terrier that can do everything but talk. I have a chow that was born in the hangars at Hounslow—a real dog of war.

Springs got full of enthusiasm and went out by himself the other day to do battle with the Hun, in spite of what Nigger told him. His ambition was rewarded and he managed to find six Hun scouts south of Courtrai. They chased him all over the sky and he had a time getting away from them. He finally just put his tail plane forward and dove wide open. Not orthodox, but if your plane stays together, it's all right. Nothing can hit you while you're doing 250, unless they are right on your tail, and I guess it would be impossible to get there at that speed. And even more difficult to get out alive after you get there. He tore all the fabric loose on his top wing coming out.

He was still so excited when he landed that he ran into the Major's plane and locked wings with it on the ground. The Major was all set to bawl him out, but Springs walked up to him and ran his finger across his row of ribbons and said, "You see these medals?" Bish nodded. "Well," says Springs, "I just want to tell you that you are welcome to them!" With that he walked on into the bar. Bish laughed, though he wasn't pleased about having his machine smashed.

THEY say Archie is the most useless thing in the war, but that machine-gun fire from the ground is greatly to be feared.

That's what got Richthofen [Baron von Richthofen, famous German ace]. I think so, too, for I came back today and found a couple of bullet holes in my rudder. I think I know where the fellow lives that did it and I am going back tomorrow and fill his dugout with lead. Machine guns only carry up to about 2,500 feet, but Archie can go higher than we can.

It's surprising how personal the war in the air gets. Whenever there's anything going on, you know that each little lead bullet or Archie shell is meant for you personally. And when you fire, you don't just fire toward Berlin and hen wait until someone telephones you whether or not a Hun stopped it. No, you wait until you are in the correct position on a Hun's tail and then you open fire and see your tracer bullets going past him or into him; and if you get him, you see him go spinning down, maybe in flames. Meanwhile Mr. Hun has been practicing target shooting and is ready to do a half

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

I have three expert Ak Emmas who do nothing else but look after my bus and do my bidding.

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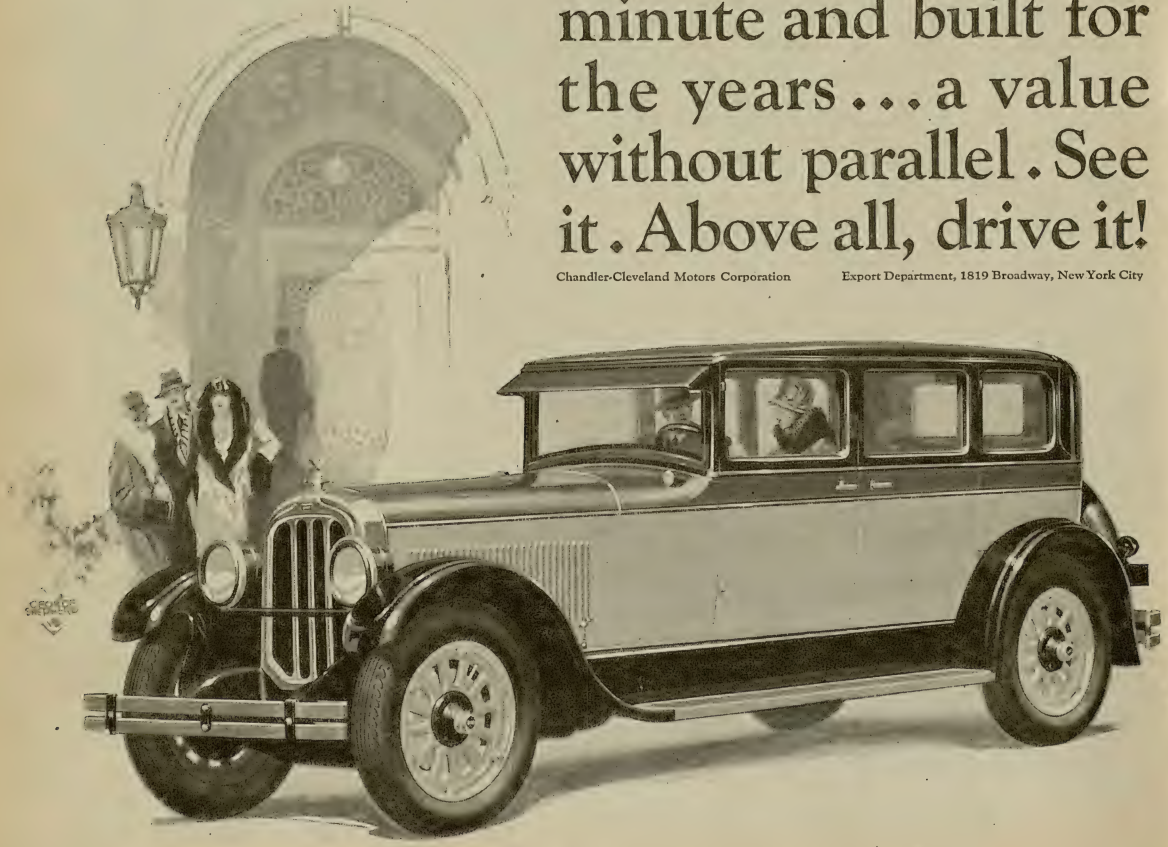


[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

roll as soon as you start your dive. Or he may have it all fixed up with Archie to range a certain area and then lure you into it. And Mr. Hun is on the job, too. Just do a bad turn or a sloppy half roll and you'll hear him play your swan song on his Spandaus.

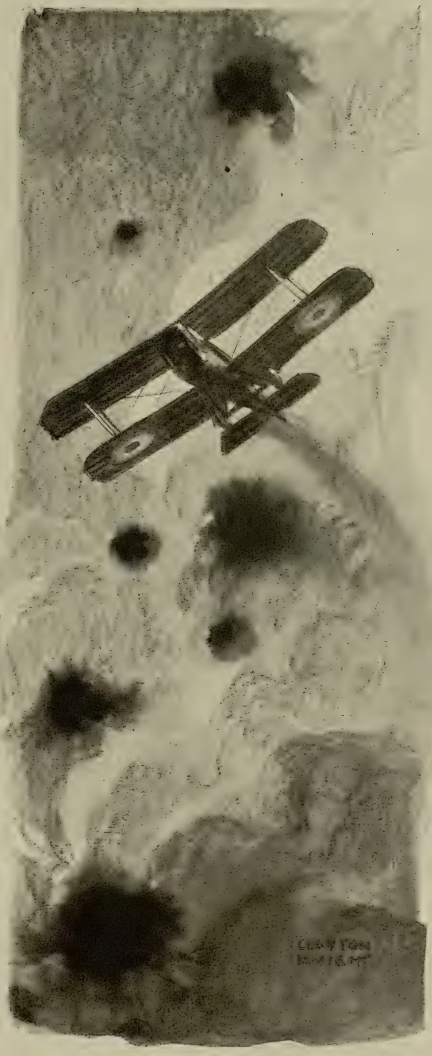
Archie has a funny sound. A burst near you sounds like a loud cough and as soon as you hear it you start zigzagging. When you hear it, you know that burst won't hurt you—it's the one you never hear that does the dirty work and tears the bag; but it does mean that the battery has your range and the next one is sure to come closer unless you fool him and sideslip, zoom, turn, or throttle down. Then he fires where you should have been but aren't. He's easy to fool, but you must do something. The best thing to do is to change your course twenty degrees every twelve seconds. That gives you time to get out of the way of the one that's coming up at you that moment and doesn't give the gunners time to get your deflection for the next shot.

I've been out baiting Archie several times and it's great sport. You can make him waste $5,000 worth of ammunition on you in no time. And then think how mad the old Hun gunner must get! I'll never be happy until I get a chance to open up on one of them with my machine guns.

THE Huns use shrapnel, which bursts black; and the Allies use high explosive, which bursts white. There is an Austrian naval battery at Middlekirk that bursts pink. Scared me to death the first time I saw it.

There's one Hun gunner over at Dickebusch that is so good he never fires but one salvo of four shots at you. If he doesn't hit you the first time he doesn't waste any more ammunition on you, unless there's a big formation where he's got a chance to get a trailer. But he knows it's useless to fire at a plane that is trying to dodge him. He nearly got one of us—a shell burst between Cal and myself. Cal got a piece of it in his arm, and we tried to make him put up a wound stripe, but he wouldn't do it. It was the first salvo and I was asleep and didn't even know we had crossed the lines. The best thing that Archie does is to signal. You can see an Archie burst twice as far as you can see a plane, and our Archie is very good about warning us of the approach of Huns up in the sun when we can't see them. I was out the other day alone and our Archie put a burst up close to me to call my attention to a scout formation in Hunland.

I went up to test out my new



Then about three Archie batteries opened up on me. The whole sky turned black.

engine and landed up north of Dunkirk, where I heard there was an American squadron. They didn't seem particularly glad to see me. The C. O. invited me to lunch. These boys certainly are down in the mouth. They think the Hun has won the war and are worrying about their baggage and girls in Paris. Why didn't I just write baggage?

Hobey Baker is a flight commander up there. He used to be a great athlete at Princeton. A fine fellow he is. I've heard Hash and Springs talking about him. Poor Hash is a prisoner now.

I asked some of them to come over and have dinner with us. They said they couldn't, as they had no way to get over there. They haven't much transport and they have to account for every drop of petrol. I offered to send over our car for them and they said they'd like to, but didn't show much enthusiasm. They aren't enjoying the war much. They didn't have a bar and their mess wasn't much to boast of. I gather that Uncle Sam is pretty stingy with his nephews on this side, particularly those in the air. Me for the R. F. C. There's one thing about the British that I like—they realize the importance of morale. The British try to build it up; the Americans try to tear it down. You can't expect men to have any pep after they have been cheated out of their seniority and pay, lost faith in their government after broken promises, and been treated like enemy prisoners by the higher officers. Only the patriotism of our young men has prevented serious trouble. Our army seems to think that all they have to do for morale is to send along a couple of Y. M. C. A. secretaries and a few professional song leaders. Wait and see what happens to them.

June 5.

SPRINGS went back after the six Huns that chased him home. Nigger and MacGregor wanted to go hunting, so they all went together. My engine was giving trouble, so I could not go. Just after they crossed the lines, Bish joined them and led them down on the same six Huns at the same place where Springs found them before and at the same hour. They must have been the same ones that got Benbow. Methodical, these Huns are. They were in two layers of three each. Bish and Mac took the lower ones and Springs and Nigger took the top ones. Bish and Mac each got one and Springs got one down out of control, but no one saw it crash, so he doesn't score. It must have been a good fight while it lasted. They were Pfaltz scouts and are easy meat for S. E's.

The wind shifted and they had to land the short way when they came back. There was a train on the siding when Springs came in, and he just glided over the box cars and tried to make a slow landing. His undercarriage crumpled up and stuck in the ground and he slid along in the fuselage like it was a canoe, but didn't go

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

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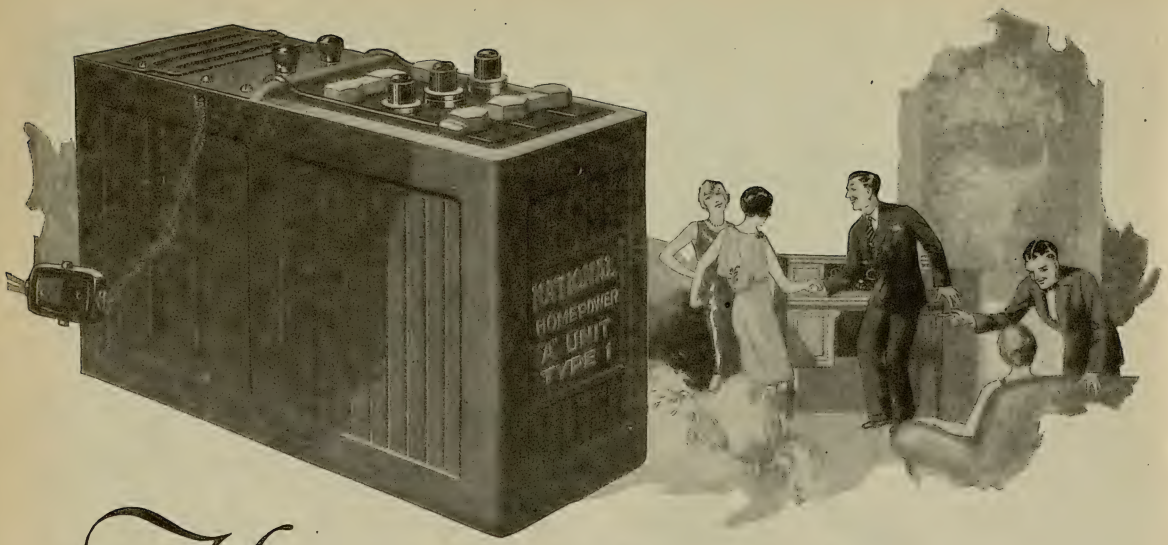

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

over on his nose. Bish told him to fight on our side for a change and to quit bringing down S. E's. Brown washed out his third today, trying to land cross wind. It can't be done in an S. E.; not with the undercarriage where it is. I don't see why they don't move it forward.

Springs says he feels like the little boy that got licked in a fight and went home and got his big brother and came back.

June 6.

THE new flight commander for A Flight arrived. His name is Randall and he is known as Randy. He was badly wounded at Gallipoli and got trench fever when he was with the infantry. Then he was transferred to the Flying Corps and was out on D. H. Twos. He was shot down by Richthofen. He says that Richthofen may have the reputation of being a good sport, but that he showed him no mercy—shot his engine up and then followed him down while he was trying to land, and shot him three times. He got one bullet in his rear and they had to cut off a slice. He sits down and leans like the tower of Pisa. Cal said he'd be fine for sitting on stairs. He went up to have a look at the lines and crashed, landing, and turned over on his back. That's the trouble with these S. E's—they don't like the ground.

I went up and had a private battle of my own. I saw a Hun two-seater away the hell and gone over Roulers. I chased him a bit, but couldn't catch him. Then about three Archie batteries opened up on me! The whole sky turned black. A barrage grew up in front of me like a bed of mushrooms and I swung around just in time to avoid it. Scared? Of course I was scared. There were heavy clouds below me and I didn't know where the lines were. My compass was spinning around so fast that I couldn't tell anything from it. Then I forgot whether the sun set in the east or the west, and had to stop to figure it out.

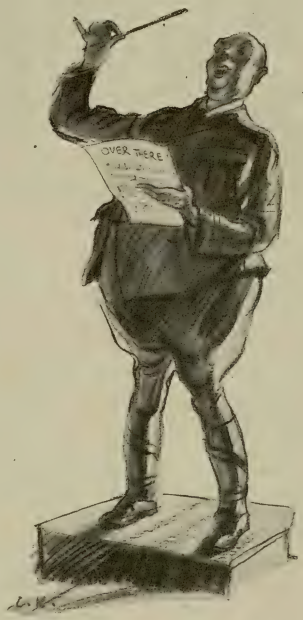
Every time Archie would get close to me, my heart would skip a beat. It has an awful sound when it's close, like a giant clapping his hands, and it has a sort of metallic click. So I put my nose down and ran for it. First Archie would be way behind me and then he'd get way in front and I'd zoom and he'd be a mile away. I crossed the lines down below Wipers, where I didn't know the country, and for a few minutes I was lost. I got out my maps and found a town on the map that I located on the ground and then I came on back by Bergues.

June 8.

This morning I arose at three-thirty—two-thirty real time—and by six I was back for breakfast and the Huns had wasted 1,000 pounds' worth of Archie shells on us. Our hands might have been a bit steadier as we raised a coffee cup, but a little exposure to the hate of the Hun does give you a wonderful appetite. This Archie gunner at Middlekirk is no amateur—his first burst almost made me loop! After that, dodging was easy.

Before breakfast I went over to a farmhouse in a side car and got some cream for our cereal. Springs has taught the cook to make Eggs Benedict and we breakfast well.

As a matter of fact, we live well. We went down to Boulogne and got an ice-cream freezer and we are the only outfit at the front



Our army seems to think a few song leaders are all they need for morale.

that has ice-cream for dinner every night. "In the midst of life we are in death." And in the midst of death we manage to have lots of fun. Bronxes, chicken livers en brochette, champagne, strawberry ice-cream, and Napoleon brandy. That's the life. I don't think Bish is sorry he brought us along.

We had a lot of trouble getting that ice-cream freezer. We went down to Boulogne to a department store and Springs opened fire with his drug store French. They brought him an egg beater. He tried again and they insisted that what he really wanted was an ice pick. They brought him a dictionary, but it wasn't in it. So he called for "machinery to make cream hard." They brought him a churn and then a cream whipper. We gave it up and walked out. Then we saw one in the window and went back and got it.

Again at eleven I went out to do battle. We got into a dog fight over Ostend and had a merry little fracas.

I was up above the main formation to see that nothing dropped down out of the sun and a Pfaltz dove on me. He came right out of the sun, but I've learned to put my thumb up and close one eye, and, unless they are at a dead angle, I can see them. I saw one in time and, just as he opened fire, I turned quickly and threw his sights off. His tracer was going a 100 feet behind my tail. The Hun went on by and half rolled on to my tail. I kept turning to keep his sights off me and he followed. We turned around and around—each maneuvering to get into position to fire a burst at close range. But I had learned my lesson well at Ayr and I could do perfect vertical banks and I began gaining on him. I was getting in position to open up, when he half rolled to break away. I half rolled after him and was on his tail like a hawk after a chicken. I let him have both guns at close range. My sights were dead on his cockpit and I must have got in about 150 rounds. My Lewis jammed after fifty rounds, but my Vickers kept going. The Hun started to turn, then he flopped over on his back and went straight down. He was last seen headed toward his future home and breaking all records—hell bent for Hades! I couldn't see him crash, so I only got an "out of control." But I know I got him. At the speed he was diving, he never could have pulled out. And I know now that I can fight as well as fly. It was quite evident that one of us had to die, but I was cool as a cucumber and when we were turning around each other, I could almost hear Nigger through the earphones from the front seat of an Avro telling me: "Little top rudder now. Easy. Keep your nose level. Pull your stick back. Take off a little aileron. Now cross your controls."

OUR pink-cheeked little boy, commonly known as Lady Mary, decided it was high time he shot down a Hun, so went up in search of one. The result has caused much merriment. He found plenty of Huns, all right, enough to last him the rest of his life if taken singly. He ran into a school of them and didn't see them until they were right on top of him. As near as we can figure out, the Huns must have got in one another's way getting to him or been laughing so hard they couldn't shoot straight.

Anyway, he's back and is now a member of the "sadder-and-wiser club," of which Springs is president.

Trapp also qualified for membership in that august body. He met a couple of two-seaters and chased them twenty miles into Hunland. They saw their own airdrome and took courage and turned around and chased him all the way back.

Springs got in a fight and shot his own propeller to pieces and Cal had his tire punctured by an energetic Hun.

The author and his comrades are transferred to another airdrome nearer to the center of the French front. Next week's installment describes thrilling battles in the air.

SMART-GAY

tho' the Avenue's overcast—

in these bright-hued rubber coats

TODAY distinction in dress need not cease on cloudy, showery days. Fashion—now, more than ever, colorful, youthful—has solved the problem with these bright-hued Raynsters.

Expertly made, with a permanent lustre from an exclusive United States Rubber Company process, Raynsters keep you dry these changeable fall days.

There are colors to suit you or you can get Raynsters in black rubber surface or in tweeds, cashmere, and other popular weaves with the rubber hidden inside. A dealer near you has them. There are styles and sizes for men and women, boys and girls.

On request, we will gladly send you a "U. S." Raynster style booklet. Write Dept. L-30, 1790 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

United States Rubber Company

"U.S." Raynsters

From "Consort" to Symphony —from Radio to Thorola Art

The first known representation of an Orchestra dates from about the year 1000 A D

The first crude orchestras were described as mere "consorts of flutes and viols". Compare this with the limitless tone effects of the modern symphony orchestra. A great advancement of course. Yet we truly believe you are bound to discover just such advancement in Thorola radio.

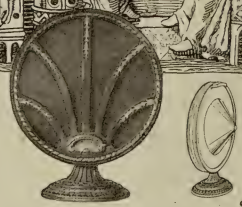
Thorola clearly marks the end of those days when the scientific wonder of radio could excuse artistic compromise. The flawless reception of pure, unblemished music and distinct, natural speech is the greater wonder of Thorola instruments.

Relentlessly all the old radio "disturbances" have been downed. As the pioneer American builders of long-distance acoustic apparatus we were ideally equipped for the task. We were able to originate Thorola Low-Loss Doughnut Coils, making selectivity *positive*—concentrating full power on the wanted station only—and eliminating internal interference and circuit confusion, so that the remaining difficulties revealed themselves and could be methodically conquered.

We also created Thorola Golden Tone transformers, balanced and sensitive to a degree never before considered commercially feasible. It was one more example of the attainments to be expected from an establishment which was one huge acoustics laboratory long before radio began!

And we already had the loud speakers whose brilliant clarity and fidelity, at any volume, admittedly improved all receiver performance.

Yet all of our highest technical achievements—so far ahead scientifically—should not mean as much as your ear in selecting radio! Unless you go and hear 1927 Thorola models you run the risk of owning radio that is already outdated. Whatever style you desire—console, cabinet, cone speaker, or horn speaker—the Thorola representative has it. He welcomes the most critical consideration. He will show you the first radio receivers with provable upkeep economy!



MODEL 9, CONE SPEAKER $20

With its Dual Range diaphragm, the Thorola Cone Speaker is the first of its type to cover the entire range of reproduction without compromise at either the high or the low end. Never has a speaker of this *style* had tone of this *character*. Luxuriously finished in Walnut and Old Gold, with Carved Ornamentation, this speaker delights the eye as well as the ear.

MODEL 4, HORN SPEAKER $25

The Controlled Mica Diaphragm of this speaker, with its exclusive Separix, brought out the artistic possibilities of radio, by reproducing even the musical over-tones. Always known as perhaps the steadiest seller in radio history, Thorola 4 deservedly retains its rank—*in appearance, too!* The beauteous Bakelite Bell, smart Golden Throat Band, and Classic Base adorn any room.

THOROLA, JR. SPEAKER $15

Matchless Thorola tone quality, and graceful appearance are obtainable in a horn speaker of more moderate size, the Thorola Junior. It improves the operation of any receiver in a way which is out of all proportion to the price.

REICHMANN COMPANY, Chicago, Member R. M. A.

Thorola

(Western and Canadian prices slightly higher)

MODEL 57 CABINET . . . $60

Thorola radio at such a price seems unbelievable. Antique, Highlight Walnut finish and charming proportions distinguish this cabinet. It gives you the genuine Thorola 5-tube circuit, whose many special features insure performance which cannot be measured by any previous standards of power or hook-up.

MODEL 59 DE LUXE CONSOLE (*Illustrated*) $185 MODEL 58 $125

A receiver with two speakers—the Thorola Cone and the Thorola Horn type! Perfect reproduction facilities for every radio impulse. Of course the 5-tube Thorola Circuit brings them all in clearly, with its exclusive Doughnut Coils, Golden Tone Transformers, Duo-Dial Control, Power Tube, and other great advancements. Their advantages make it literally impossible to judge Thorola receivers by the old formula of power-ratings. In fact, Thorola developments mean more power, and more operating economy as well!

The cabinet, in Antique, Highlighted Walnut, is a furniture masterpiece, comparing only with the rich artistry of Thorola reception.

Full Thorola performance and economy characteristics are offered at a moderate price in Model 58. The Console is of Antique Highlighted Walnut, as in the most luxurious Thorola models. All the Thorola circuit and speaker features assure unsurpassed radio.

The Small BACHELOR

A Merry Tale of Young and Scrambled Love

A Serial by

P. G. Wodehouse

Pictures by James Montgomery Flagg

"A DOCTOR couldn't have done it more neatly," she said.

WHEN Molly Waddington asked permission to see some of his pictures, George Finch thought the world was, indeed, a garden of roses. And he may be pardoned for his buoyancy, for his progress, after falling in love at first sight with Molly, had been nothing short of astonishing.

George was, after all, only a simple Idaho boy who had come to Greenwich Village to be an artist, and who had been left ample means to pursue that ambition without inconveniencing his stomach. Mullett, his butler, did not disapprove his love affair. J. Hamilton Beamish, his pal and mentor, lent him assistance, but no encouragement.

But, on his own initiative alone, George contrived to meet Molly's father, her stepmother, and herself, and be invited to a dinner of select millionaires at the East Seventy-ninth Street mansion of the Waddingtons. Certainly things were swinging along far too easily for that old saw about the course of true love to hold good. And then Mrs. Waddington propelled herself into the scene.

Part Four

"I SUPPOSE," said Molly, "we had better go upstairs?"

Mrs. Waddington came out of her trance.

"You had better go upstairs," she said, emphasizing the pronoun in a way that would have impressed itself upon the least sensitive of men. George Finch got it nicely.

"I—er—think, perhaps," he mumbled, "as it is—er—getting late . . ."

"You aren't going?" said Molly, concerned.

"Certainly Mr. Finch is going," said Mrs. Waddington: and there was that in her demeanor which suggested that at any moment she might place one hand on the scruff of his neck and the other on the seat of his trousers and heave. "If Mr. Finch has appointments that call him elsewhere, we must not detain him. Good night, Mr. Finch."

"Good night. Thank you for a—er—very pleasant evening."

"It was most kay-eend of you to come," said Mrs. Waddington.

"Do come again," said Molly.

"Mr. Finch," said Mrs. Waddington, "is no doubt a very ba-husy man. Please go upstairs immediately, Molly. *Good* na-eet, Mr. Finch."

She continued to regard him in a manner hardly in keeping with the fine old traditions of American hospitality.

"Ferris," she said, as the door closed.

"Madam?"

"On no pretext whatever, Ferris, is that person who has just left to be admitted to the house again."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

CROSLEY RADIO INSTRUMENTS
Each item the utmost in radio at its price. All prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mts.

THE "PUP" $9.00

This little double-circuit one-tube set has brought happiness to thousands and made records for long distance receiving.

THE "4-29" $29

A 4-tube receiver of amazing efficiency. Crescendon equipped!

"THE PORTABLE" $33

The 4-29 in portable form, handy, compact, efficient.

THE "5-38" $38

A five-tube tuned radio frequency set, with two stages of non-oscillating radio frequency amplification. Crescendon control, two stages of audio frequency amplification.

THE "5-50" $50

5-tube, single drum station selector, acuminators, Crescendon, power tube adaptability, all-metal shielded chassis.

"RFL -75" $65

5-tubes. True-cascade amplification; non-oscillating and non-radiating.

THE "5-75" CONSOLE $75

Beautiful solid mahogany console finished in two tones. Embodies the 5-tube $50 instrument with single dial control. Crosley Musicone speaker and ample compartment for batteries. Stands 41 inches high.

"RFL -90" CONSOLE $90

Introducing the double drum station selector! Includes Musicone in exquisite console. Room for batteries and all accessories. 41 inches high, 30½ inches wide.

"MUSICONE" $12.50 $14.75 $23.00

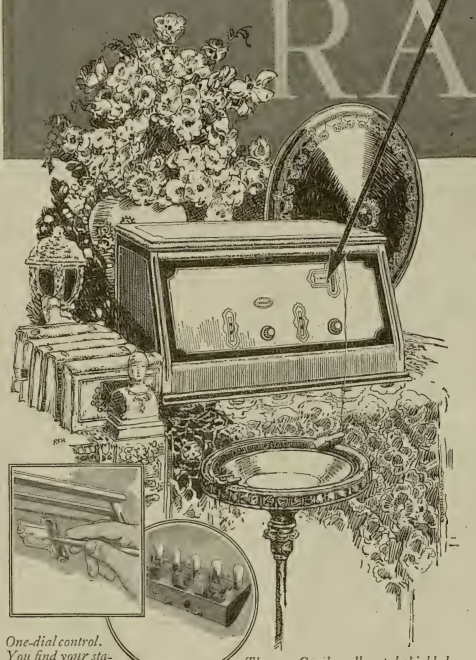
Regular 12-inch size, $12.50. Super Musicone, with still finer volume and tone, $14.75. Musicone De Luxe in mahogany "clockcase," $23.50. Also beautiful console with room for batteries and accessories as below.

THE "MUSICONSOLE" $32

CROSLEY

BETTER COSTS LESS

RADIO



One-dial control. You find your station, then write its letters on the graphic dial, locating it once and for all, to turn to whenever your fancy dictates.

The new Crosley all-metal shielded chassis not only aids in producing astounding selectivity, but standardizes manufacture and helps make possible the price of $50.

$50

Slightly higher west of the Rockies. Never before, at anywhere near this price, has a radio set possessed all these advantages: 1. Single-dial control with graphic station selector. 2. Metal-shielded chassis, contributing to amazing selectivity and reducing cost. 3. Crescendon control, producing exquisite volume from distant stations. 4. Crosley Acuminators, which sharpen tuning and increase selectivity. 5. Power tube adaptability. 6. Beautiful, solid mahogany cabinet of distinguished design and exquisite two-tone finish.

One-Dial Control!

. . . *in this amazing* 5-*tube set at* $50

Already the new 5-tube Crosley set, at $50, has met such a tremendous demand as to confirm the prediction that it will replace thousands upon thousands of sets now in use.

Confronted by high prices, many people who desired to replace their old sets have hitherto hesitated to do so. Now . . . in the new Crosley "5-50" . . . they find the features and qualities they desire, formerly exclusive to very high-priced sets . . . available at small investment.

The incomparable joys of Single-Dial Control! Uncanny selectivity, resulting from its metal-shielded chassis and the surpassing efficiency of the Crosley circuit's advanced design! Exquisite volume, thanks to the matchless Crescendon! Crosley Acuminators, power tube adaptability . . . all the attributes of radio at its best . . . for $50!

In all the Crosley line no instrument represents a greater triumph than this wonderful 5-tube set. Examine the line in full, as illustrated in the marginal column at the left . . . each item a victory for mass production in reducing radio prices. Then see the Crosley line at Crosley dealers . . . including the new "5-50" . . . now on display!

See it . . . hear it. View the refreshing beauty of its solid mahogany cabinet. Operate it yourself. Watch the stations, written in on the graphic dial, parade before you and usher in their programs with unerring accuracy. Sharpen the selection with the Crosley Acuminators. Release inspiring volume by means of the Crescendon.

Know what heights . . . in tone, volume, selectivity and sensitivity . . . radio of moderate price has reached!

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION, CINCINNATI—POWEL CROSLEY, Jr., President

For Catalogue write Dept. 76

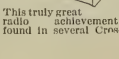
Crosley manufactures radio receiving sets, which are licensed under Armstrong U. S. Patent No. 1,113,149 or under patent applications of Radio Frequency Laboratories, Inc., and other patents issued and pending. Owning and operating station WLW, first remote control super-power station in America. All prices without accessories.

OUTSTANDING FEATURES OF CROSLEY RADIO DEVELOPED BY POWEL CROSLEY Jr.

THE "CRESCENDON"

When, on ordinary radios, ears must strain to catch a station miles away, a turn of the Crescendon on Crosley radios instantly swells reception to room-filling volume. An exclusive Crosley feature.

ALL-METAL SHIELDED CHASSIS



This truly great radio achievement, found in several Crosley sets, furnishes a substantial frame for mounting elements, produces excellent alignment of condensers, shields the units from each other, prevents interstage, improves the stability of the circuit, increases selectivity and saves costs by standardizing this phase of manufacture.

THE SINGLE-DIAL STATION SELECTOR

Nothing in radio equals the joy of the convenience of single dial control. Crosley single drum control enables you to find the stations sought without log book or "tuning."

THE "ACUMINATORS"

Crosley Acuminators provide sharp tuning where reception spreads broadly over dial, easily tune out local and bring in far stations. Ordinarily, once adjusted and they need not be touched again.

USE OF POWER TUBE.

Power tube adaptability marks the Crosley "5-50," "5-75" and "RFL" sets. This feature typifies Crosley provision for best radio reception at moderate cost.

QUALITY AND BEAUTY IN CABINETS AND CONSOLES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

"Very good, madam," said the butler.

* * *

It was a fair, sunny morning, next day, when George Finch trotted up the steps of No. 16 Seventy-ninth Street, East, and pressed the bell. He was wearing his dove-gray suit and under his arm was an enormous canvas wrapped in brown paper. After much thought he had decided to present Molly with his favorite work, Hail, Jocund Spring!—a picture representing a young woman, scantily draped and obviously suffering from an advanced form of chorea, dancing with lambs in a flower-speckled field. At the moment which George had selected for her portrayal, she had—to judge from her expression—just stepped rather hard on a sharp stone. Still, she was George's masterpiece, and he intended to present her to Molly.

The door opened. Ferris, the butler, appeared.

"All goods," said Ferris, regarding George dispassionately, "must be delivered in the rear."

George blinked.

"I want to see Miss Waddington?"

"Miss Waddington is not at home."

"Can I see Mr. Waddington?" asked George, accepting the second-best.

"Mr. Waddington is not at home."

George hesitated a moment before he spoke again. But love conquers all.

"Can I see Mrs. Waddington?"

"Mrs. Waddington is not at home."

As the butler spoke, there proceeded from the upper regions of the house a commanding female voice that inquired of an unseen Sigsbee how many times the speaker had told him not to smoke in the drawing-room.

"But I can hear her," George pointed out.

The butler shrugged his shoulders with an aloof gesture, as if disclaiming all desire to go into these mysteries.

"Mrs. Waddington is not a tome," he said once more.

There was a pause.

"Nice morning," said George.

"The weather appears to be clement," agreed Ferris.

George then tumbled backwards down the steps, and the interview concluded.

* * *

"TELL me all," said Hamilton Beamish.

George told him all. The unfortunate young man was still looking licked to a splinter. For several hours he had been wandering distractedly through the streets of New York, and now he had crawled into Hamilton Beamish's apartment in the hope that a keener mind than his own might be able to detect in the encompassing clouds a silver lining which he himself had missed altogether.

"Let me get this clear," said Hamilton Beamish. "You called at the house?"

"Yes."

"And the butler refused to admit you?"

"Yes."

Hamilton Beamish regarded his stricken friend compassionately. "My poor cloth-headed George," he said, "you appear to have made a complete mess of things. By being impetuous you have ruined everything. Why could you not have waited and let me introduce you into this house in a normal and straightforward fashion, in my capacity of an old friend of the family? As things are, you have allowed yourself to take on the semblance of an outcast."

"GOOD na-eet, Mr. Finch," said Mrs. Waddington.

"But when old Waddington invited me to dinner—actually invited me to dinner——"

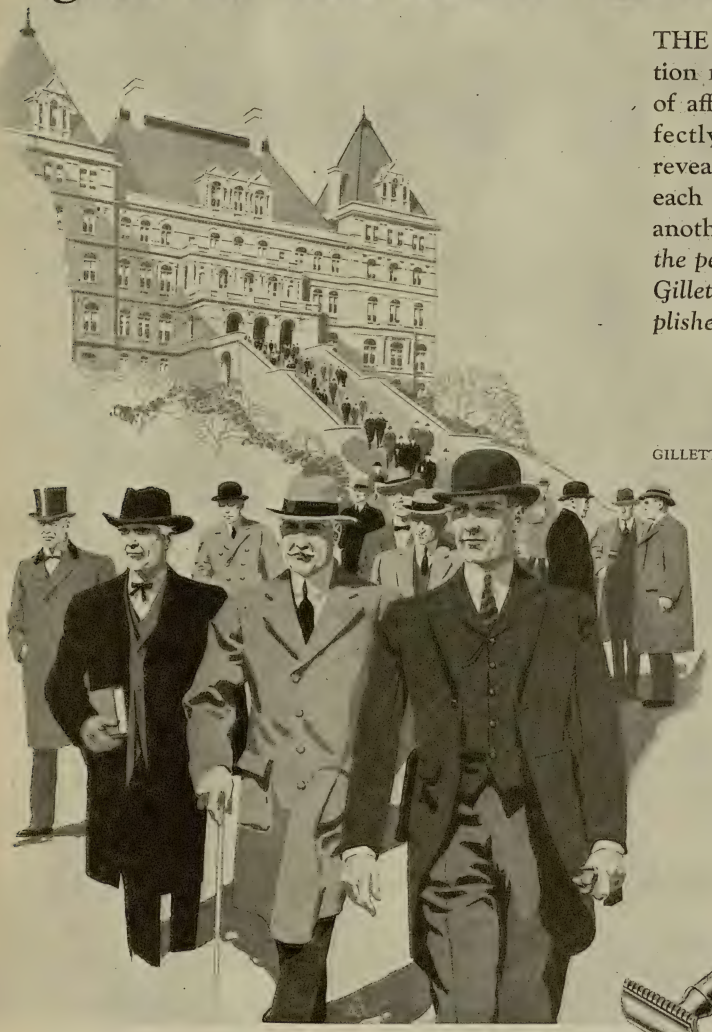
"You should have kicked him in the eye and made good your escape," said Hamilton Beamish firmly. "Surely, after all that I said to you about Sigsbee H. Waddington, you were under no illusion that his patronage would make you popular in the home? Sigsbee H. Waddington is one of those men who have only to express a liking for anybody to cause their wives to look on that person as something out of the underworld. Sigsbee H. Waddington could not bring the Prince of Wales home to dinner and get away with it. And when he drags in and lays on the mat a specimen—I use the word in the kindliest spirit—like you, and does so, moreover, five minutes before the start of a formal dinner-party, thus upsetting the seating arrangements, can you blame his wife for not fawning on you? And on top of that, you pretend to be an artist."

"I am an artist," said George, with a flicker of spirit.

"The point is a debatable one. And, anyhow, you should have concealed it from Mrs.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

76 out of 100 Government Executives agree on one Razor—Gillette



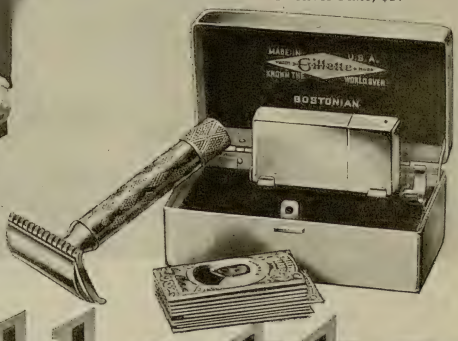
THE very nature of their occupation requires that those in charge of affairs of state be groomed perfectly. When a careful inquiry reveals that 76 out of 100 shave each morning with a Gillette, it is another real proof that, *based on the perfection of its shaving service, Gillette pre-eminence is an accomplished fact!*

Whether you have a beard "like wire" or as soft as silk, your GOOD shave will become a PERFECT shave if you read "Three Reasons" —a new shaving booklet just published in a new edition. A postcard request and we'll gladly send you a copy with our compliments.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

$5 to $75

THE BOSTONIAN
In Gold Plate, $6.
In Silver Plate, $5.



The New Improved **Gillette**

SAFETY Gillette RAZOR

THE QUALITY RAZOR OF THE WORLD

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

Waddington. A woman of her type looks on artists as blots on the social scheme. I told you she judged her fellow-creatures entirely by their balance at the bank."

"I have plenty of money."

"How was she to know that? You tell her you are an artist, and she naturally imagines you——"

The telephone rang shrilly, interrupting Mr. Beamish's flow of thought. There was an impatient frown on his face as he unhooked the receiver, but a moment later this had passed away and, when he spoke, it was in a kindly and indulgent tone.

"Ah, Molly, my child!"

"Molly!" cried George.

But Hamilton Beamish ignored the exclamation.

"Yes," he said. "He is a great friend of mine."

"Me?" said George.

Hamilton Beamish continued to accord to him that complete lack of attention characteristic of the efficient telephoner when addressed while at the instrument.

"Yes, he has been telling me about it. He's here now."

"Does she want me to speak to her?" quavered George.

"Certainly, I'll come at once."

Hamilton Beamish replaced the receiver, and stood for a while in thought.

"What did she say?" asked George, deeply moved.

"This is interesting," said Hamilton Beamish.

"What did she say?"

"This causes me to revise my views to some extent."

"What did she say?"

"And yet I might have foreseen it."

"What did she say?"

Hamilton Beamish rubbed his chin meditatively.

"The mind of a girl works oddly."

"What did she say?"

"That was Molly Waddington," said Hamilton Beamish.

"What did she say?"

"I AM by no means sure," said Beamish, regarding George owlishly through his spectacles, "that, after all, everything has not happened for the best. I omitted to take into my calculations the fact that what has occurred would naturally give you, in the eyes of a warm-hearted girl, surrounded normally by men with incomes in six figures, a certain romantic glamour. Any girl with nice instincts must inevitably be attracted to a penniless artist whom her mother forbids her to see."

"What did she say?"

"She asked me if you were a friend of mine."

"And then what did she say?"

"She told me that her stepmother had forbidden you the house, and that she had been expressly ordered never to see you again."

"And what did she say after that?"

"She asked me to come up to the house and have a talk."

"About me?"

"So I imagine."

"You're going?"

"At once."

"Hamilton," said George in a quivering voice, "Hamilton, old man, pitch it strong!"

"You mean, speak enthusiastically on your behalf?"

"I mean just that. How well you put these things, Hamilton!"

Hamilton Beamish took up his hat.

"It is strange," he said meditatively, "that I should be assisting you in this matter."

"It's your good heart," said George. "You have a heart of gold."

"You have fallen in love at first sight, and my views on love at first sight are well known."

"They're all wrong."

"My views are never wrong."

"I don't mean wrong exactly," said George with sycophantic haste. "I mean that in certain cases love at first sight is the only thing."

"Love should be a reasoned emotion."

"Not if you suddenly see a girl like Molly Waddington."

"WHEN I marry," said Hamilton Beamish, "it will be the result of a carefully calculated process of thought. I shall first decide, after cool reflection, that I have reached the age at which it is best for me to marry. I shall then run over the list of my female friends till I have selected one whose mind and tastes are in harmony with mine. I shall then——"

"Aren't you going to change?" asked George.

"Change what?"

"Your clothes, if you are going to see Her——"

"I shall then," proceeded Hamilton Beamish, "watch her carefully for a considerable length of time in order to assure myself that I have not allowed passion to blind me to any faults in her disposition. After that——"

"You can't possibly call on Miss Waddington in those trousers," said George. "And your shirt does not match your socks. You must——"

"After that, provided in the interval I have not observed any more suitable candidate for my affections, I shall go to her and in a few simple words ask her to be my wife. I shall point out that my income is sufficient for two, that my morals are above reproach, that——"

"Haven't you a really nice suit that's been properly pressed and brushed, and a rather newer pair of shoes, and a less floppy sort of hat, and——"

". . . that my disposition is amiable, and my habits regular. And she and I will settle down to the Marriage Sane."

"How about your cuffs?" said George.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

"The trouble with your advertising is—"

THE other day we met a rotund gentleman who was brimful of enthusiasm. He started in almost without preliminaries.

"Now the trouble with Postum advertising is this," he said. "You don't tell people how good it is. You don't make 'em see and feel how good it is. You tell them it's good for their health. Of course it is, but they are more interested in the taste.

"I tried Postum for the first time about six months ago. Say, it was wonderful. It's the best drink I ever tasted. I drink it three times a day. I feel better than I ever did—sleep better, get up feeling fine. But I drink it because I *like* it. Tell people that. Get them to try Postum. Most of them will feel the same way I do."

Perhaps this gentleman was right. Perhaps you are one of many people who don't realize what a great drink Postum is. Perhaps you have had a notion that because it is good for you, it is lacking in some other respect.

Listen! Postum is made of roasted wheat and bran. Wheat is the best-liked food in the world, and that's where Postum gets its flavor. It just *has* to be delicious—and it is!

We'd like you to try Postum for thirty days—long enough for you to appreciate *all* the benefits. Carrie Blanchard, who prepares the best Postum in the world, will start you on the thirty-day test.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want to send you one week's supply of Postum, free, and my directions for preparing it—to start you on the 30-day test.

"Or if you would like to begin today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs only one-half cent a cup.

"For one week's free supply, please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

© 1926, P. C. Co.

Postum is one of the Postum Cereal Company products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate, Jell-O and Swans Down Cake Flour. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.—LIB. 10-9-26

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)

POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐
(prepared by boiling)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd. 45 Front St. East, Toronto 2, Ontario

If You'll Use This New Invention

I'll Guarantee To Keep You in Razor Blades for Life!

Most Revolutionary Offer in History of Shaving! I Guarantee (in Writing) That You'll Get the Slickest, Coolest Shaves You Ever Had, 365 Days a Year—And You'll *Never* Buy a Blade Again. Sensational Offer Good 30 Days Only. It Means *Exactly* What It Says: RAZOR BLADES FOR LIFE!

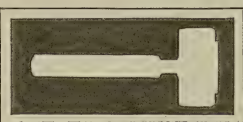
THIS amazing new invention upsets all established shaving tradition. Within 60 days it will revolutionize the before-breakfast habits of over a million more American Shavers! KRISS-KROSS marks such a radical advance in new shaving comfort and economy that it deserves to be classed as much more than a stropper. It's a **super**-stropper—a blade **rejuvenator!** Almost literally, it makes a new blade out of an old one every day—makes hundreds of keen, quick shaves blossom where only one grew before. Until you've seen KRISS-KROSS—fitted its sturdy, nickeled smoothness into the palm of your hand, and tested its uncanny ingenuity, you'll never know how really sensational this introductory offer is!

Astounding Features

KRISS-KROSS employs the diagonal stroke, same as a barber uses. Never before has any one captured the secret of successfully reproducing this stroke automatically. Eight "lucky leather grooves" do the trick in 11 seconds with a precision it takes a master barber years to attain.

But that's not all. KRISS-KROSS embodies still another feature that has hitherto baffled mechanical reproduction. It strops from heavy to light. It's absolutely uncanny how the strokes grow lighter and lighter until an adjustable, automatic jig flies up and notifies you that the blade is ready—ready with the **keenest cutting-edge steel can take.**

No wonder that this super-stropper prolongs the life of any make blade, single or double edge, for weeks, months and years! Think what it means! No more bother about remembering to buy new blades! No more "raking" with dull ones! KRISS-KROSS, coupled with my startling offer below, solves your blade problem for all time. Keen, velvet-smooth shaves **forever.** And think of the economy!



GET THIS MYSTERY RAZOR FREE!

Most astonishing razor you ever saw. Really 3 razors in one. Adjustable to any shaving position. Flip of finger makes it straight or T-shape in a jiffy. Novel feature gives **sliding** instead of **pulling** stroke. Simply zips through the toughest crop of whiskers. Nothing like it ever on the market before. I'll send you one FREE to introduce KRISS-KROSS super-stropper. Limited offer. Find out about it today!

No More Blades to Buy!

And now for my smashing offer! To introduce KRISS-KROSS stropper during the next 30 days I am giving with it, **free,** a new kind of razor. This unique razor, with 5 special-process blades, completes the outfit with which I guarantee to keep you in razor blades for life!

Here's how the plan works—proof that my promise "goes all the way." Use the blades and keep renewing them with KRISS-KROSS super-stropper. If one of them goes back on you for any reason (except rusting or nicking), return them and I'll recondition or replace them with new ones. No strings. No red tape. I give my amazing guarantee in **writing.** It is an ironclad agreement to KEEP YOU IN RAZOR BLADES FOR LIFE!

Send for Full Details.

Write for free information on this astonishing new invention and introductory offer. KRISS-KROSS is never sold in stores. You deal direct with me or my authorized representative. Send for description and full details of this limited offer. It's even more remarkable than I can tell you in this small space. No obligation! Just clip and mail the coupon today!

AGENTS: $30-$66 a Day!

Make big money with KRISS-KROSS! Free razor boosts sales amazingly. H. King made $66 one day. C. E. Conklin made $22 in 2 hours. Others average $175-$400 a month. Every man buys on sight. SPARE-TIME workers, OFFICE and FACTORY men make $6-$12 extra a day showing KRISS-KROSS to friends and fellow employes. S. Kantala made $154 extra working evenings 3 weeks. Unique surprise bonus plan brings big extra profits while you sleep. Most wonderful sales plan ever originated. Get details at once. Check bottom of coupon and mail it tonight.

Sold only Through Authorized Representatives

Rhodes' KRISS KROSS STROPPER

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Without obligation please send me full details of your special introductory offer to keep me in Razor Blades for LIFE. Also send me full description of KRISS-KROSS stropper and FREE adjustable razor.

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☐ Check this space if you are interested in becoming an authorized KRISS-KROSS representative.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

"What about my cuffs?"

"Are you really going to see Miss Waddington in frayed cuffs?"

"I am."

George had nothing more to say. It was sacrilege, but there seemed no way of preventing it.

* * *

AS Hamilton Beamish, some quarter of an hour later, climbed in a series of efficient movements up the stairs of the green omnibus that was waiting in Washington Square, the summer afternoon had reached its best and sweetest. A red-blooded American sun still shone warmly down from a sky of gleaming azure, but there had stolen into the air a hint of the cool of evening. It was the sort of day when Tin Pan Alley lyric-writers suddenly realize that "love" rhymes with "skies above" and rush off, snorting, to turn out the song-hit of a lifetime. Sentimentality was abroad; and gradually, without his being aware of it, its seeds began to plant themselves in the stony and unpromising soil of Hamilton Beamish's bosom.

Yes, little by little, as the omnibus rolled on up the avenue, there began to burgeon in Hamilton Beamish a mood of gentle tolerance for his species. He no longer blamed so whole-heartedly the disposition of his fellow-men to entertain toward the opposite sex, on short acquaintance, a warmth of emotion which could be scientifically justified only by a long and intimate knowledge of character. For the first time he began to debate within himself whether there was not something to be said for a man who, like George Finch, plunged headlong into love with a girl to whom he had never even spoken.

AND it was at this precise moment — just, dramatically enough, when the bus was passing Twenty-ninth Street, with its pretty and suggestive glimpse of the Little Church Around the Corner—that he noticed, for the first time, the girl in the seat across the way.

She was a girl of *chic* and *elan*. One may go still farther—a girl of *espieglerie* and *je ne sais quoi*. She was dressed, as Hamilton Beamish's experienced eye noted in one swift glance, in a delightful two-piece suit composed of a smart coat in fine quality rep, lined throughout with crepe de Chine, over a dainty, long-sleeved frock of figured marocain, prettily plaited at the sides and finished at the neck with a small collar and kilted frill; a dress which, as every schoolboy knows, can be had in beige, gray, mid-gray, opal, snuff, powder, burnt wood, puce, brown, bottle, almond, navy, black, and dark saxe. Her color was dark saxe.

Another glance enabled Hamilton Beamish to take in her hat. It was, he perceived, a becoming hat in Yedda Visca straw, trimmed and bound with silk petersham ribbon, individual without being conspicuous, artistic in line and exquisite in style; and from beneath it there strayed a single curl of about the color of a good Pekingese dog.

Judging the rest of her hair by the light of this curl, Hamilton Beamish made the deduction that, when combing and dressing it, she just moistened the brush with a little Scalpoline, thus producing a gleamy mass, sparkling with life, and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness, and luxuriance, at the same time toning each single hair to grow thick, long, and strong. No doubt she had read advertisements of the tonic and now, having bought a bottle, was seeing how healthy and youthful her hair appeared after this delightful dressing.

Her shoes were of black patent leather, her stockings of steel-gray silk. She had that schoolgirl complexion and the skin you love to touch.

ALL these things the trained eye of Hamilton Beamish noted. But it was her face that he noted most particularly. It was just the sort of face which, if he had not had his policy of Sane Love all carefully mapped out, would have exercised the most disturbing effect on his emotions. Even as it was, this strong, competent man could not check, as he alighted from the bus at Seventy-ninth Street, a twinge of that wistful melancholy which men feel when they are letting a good thing get away from them.

Sad, reflected Hamilton Beamish, as he stood upon the steps of No. 16 and prepared to ring the bell, that he would never see this girl again. Naturally, a man of his stamp was not in love at first sight, but, nevertheless, he did not conceal it from himself that nothing would suit him better than to make her acquaintance and, after careful study of her character and disposition, possibly discover in a year or two that it was she whom Nature had intended for his mate.

It was at this point in his reflections that he perceived her at his elbow.

There are moments when even the coolest-headed efficiency expert finds it hard to maintain his poise. Hamilton Beamish was definitely taken aback; and, had he been a lesser man, one would have said that he became for an instant definitely pop-eyed.

Apart from the fact that he had been thinking of her tenderly, there was the embarrassment of standing side by side with a strange girl on a doorstep.

In such a crisis, it is very difficult for a man to know precisely how to behave. Should he endeavor to create the illusion that he is not aware of her presence? Or should he make some chatty remark?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"See that bottle?

It means no dandruff in 10 days!"

THAT'S a pretty strong statement. But it's true. We make only *one* claim for this product. We claim it *will* put an end to dandruff and itching scalp—in 10 days. If you use occasionally thereafter, your dandruff won't come back.

And we don't ask you to buy a bottle just on our say-so.

There's a *written* guarantee in each package. At the end of 10 days your scalp must be free from dandruff. If not, write us and get your money back by return mail. We'll take your word.

Perhaps you think this offer a bit rash. But that's all right. We've tested this product for 4 years—on several thousand people who had dandruff. We know what it will do.

It is estimated that dandruff causes 70% of all loss of hair.

We make several products. So be sure to ask for the Van Ess Special Dandruff Massage. It comes in a bottle with our patented rubber massaging cap. Your druggist gives you the *money-back* warrant.

P. S.—It also keeps the hair well-groomed.

Pleasant, Clean Odor

VAN ESS
Special
Dandruff Massage

A-C DAYTON

For the man who believes his own ears

What is the reason you haven't bought a Radio?

MAYBE YOU have sat with friends and heard a priceless musical program spoiled by small faults that could not be helped. The disappointment was big—but the feeling of helplessness was worse.

Maybe you decided, then, to wait for a radio that wouldn't leave you helpless in the face of difficulty—a radio that supplied you with special controls when special controls were needed.

That is what A-C DAYTON offers you in Second Stage Tuning. In its First Stage it is simply a high grade, 2-dial receiver. The Second Stage provides new and unique controls, to use when ordinary tuning falls short. No other radio can be so flexible, so cunningly adaptable to all conditions. It gives you new powers to tune your set, and consistent pleasure in listening to it.

Important A-C DAYTON Refinements:

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- Air Spaced Coils
- Double Reading Voltmeter
- Duophonic Reproduction
- Completely Shielded Coils
- Cushioned Tube Sockets
- Selectivity Control
- Compensator
- Fully Graduated Volume

Note: Radio offers one absolute proof for the man who believes his own ears. This advertisement can tell you a little; your own ears can tell you everything. We have arranged, through exclusive A-C DAYTON dealers, for you to make that test in your own way. Let us send full information and name of authorized dealer. Write direct to

The A-C Electrical Mfg. Co., Dept. 10-L, Dayton, Ohio

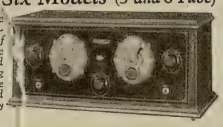
Makers of Electrical Devices for More Than 20 Years

A-C DAYTON RADIO

Priced from $56 *to* 55

Six Models (5 and 6 Tube)

At right is illustrated the TYPE XL-25 STANDARD—with 2 stages of Tuning, improved 5 tube circuit, 2-Dial Control and many refinements including Air-Spaced Coils. Price $79 (All Western and Canadian prices slightly more)



[THE SMALL BACHELOR
Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

And, if a chatty remark, what chatty remark?

Hamilton Beamish was still grappling with this problem when the girl solved it for him. Suddenly screwing up a face which looked even more attractive at point-blank range than it had appeared in profile, she uttered the exclamation, "Oo!"

"Oo!" said this girl.

For a moment, all Hamilton Beamish felt was that almost ecstatic relief which comes over the man of sensibility when he finds that a pretty girl has an attractive voice. Too many times in his career he had admired girls from afar, only to discover, when they spoke, that they had voices like peacocks calling up the rain.

The next instant, however, he had recognized that his companion was suffering, and his heart was filled with a blend of compassion and zeal. Her pain aroused simultaneously the pity of the man and the efficiency of the efficiency expert.

"You have something in your eye?" he said.

"A bit of dust or something."

"Permit me," said Hamilton Beamish.

ONE of the most difficult tasks that can confront the ordinary man is the extraction of foreign bodies from the eye of a perfect stranger of the opposite sex. But Hamilton Beamish was not an ordinary man. Barely ten seconds later, he was replacing his handkerchief in his pocket and the girl was blinking at him gratefully.

"Thank you ever so much," she said.

"Not at all," said Hamilton Beamish.

"A doctor couldn't have done it more neatly."

"It's just a knack."

There was a pause.

"Are you calling on Mrs. Waddington?" asked the girl.

"On Miss Waddington."

"I've never met her."

"You don't know the whole family, then?"

"No. Only Mrs. Waddington. Would you mind ringing the bell?"

Hamilton Beamish pressed the button.

"I saw you on the omnibus," he said.

"Did you?"

"Yes. I was sitting in the next seat."

"How odd!"

"It's a lovely day, isn't it?"

"Beautiful."

"The sun."

"Yes."

"The sky."

"Yes."

"I like the summer."

"So do I."

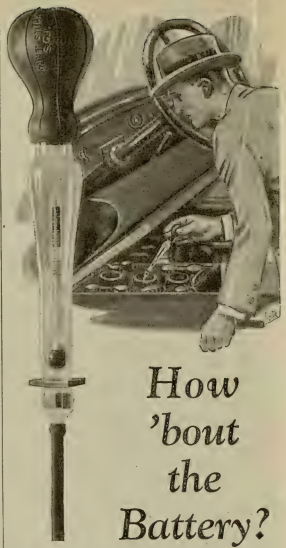
"When it's not too hot."

"Yes."

"Though, as a matter of fact," said Hamilton Beamish, "I always say that what one objects to is not the heat but the humidity."

Which simply goes to prove that even efficiency experts, when they fall in love at first sight, can babble like any man of inferior

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

intellect in the same circumstances. Strange and violent emotions were racking Hamilton Beamish's bosom; and, casting away the principles of a lifetime, he recognized without a trace of shame that love had come to him at last—not creeping scientifically into his soul, as he had supposed it would, but elbowing its way in with the Berserk rush of a commuter charging into the five-fifteen. Yes, he was in love. And it is proof of the completeness with which passion had blunted his intellectual faculties that he was under the impression that in the recent exchange of remarks he had been talking rather well.

The door opened. Ferris appeared. He looked at the girl, not with the cold distaste which he had exhibited earlier in the day toward George Finch, but with a certain paternal affection. Ferris measured forty-six round the waist, but Beauty still had its appeal for him.

"Mrs. Waddington desired me to say, miss," he said, "that an appointment of an urgent nature has called her elsewhere, rendering it impossible for her to see you today."

"She might have phoned me," the girl complained.

FERRIS allowed one eyebrow to flicker momentarily, conveying the idea that, while he sympathized, a spirit of loyalty forbade him to join in criticism of his employer.

"Mrs. Waddington wished to know if it would be convenient to you, miss, if she called upon you tomorrow at five o'clock."

"All right."

"Thank you, miss. Miss Waddington is expecting you, sir."

Hamilton Beamish continued to stare after the girl, who, with a friendly nod in his direction, had begun to walk light-heartedly out of his life along the street.

"Who is that young lady, Ferris?" he asked.

"I could not say, sir," said Ferris.

"Why couldn't you? You seemed to know her just now."

"No, sir. I had never seen the young lady before. Mrs. Waddington, however, had mentioned that she would be calling at this hour, and instructed me to give the message which I delivered."

"Didn't Mrs. Waddington say who was calling?"

"Yes, sir. The young lady."

"Ass!" said Hamilton Beamish. But even he was not strong man enough to say it aloud. "I mean, didn't she tell you the young lady's name?"

"No, sir. If you will step this way, sir, I will conduct you to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"You have fallen in love with a girl, and you don't know who she is?"

Any Dealer Who Charges Batteries Endorses These Power Units

Say "Unitron" to any battery expert. He's known the name ever since he started in business. And he can tell you of the dependability—the efficiency and the economy of every device that bears the Unitron label.

Select from the ten Radio Unitrons. At least one especially fits *your* needs—*your* set. Whichever you choose is *guaranteed* to improve reception, enhance volume and reduce operating cost.

Unitron Charger Tube

Adapted for use in any bulb type of charger, this new Unitron 2½-ampere electrolytic charging tube has three great features. It is vastly more economical of current cost; has no filament or other fragile, wearable parts; and through its use the charger will deliver either a trickle charge of 6/10 of an ampere or a 2½ ampere rate, at the option of the operator. It is guaranteed on a free replacement basis for two years, and lasts a lifetime.

A little faucet water now and then is all the attention ever needed. Same size and same screw base as ordinary 2½-ampere charger tubes, and fits same sockets. Noiseless. Troubleproof. Never loses its charging power. Price $4.50

For use in rectifiers where tube is in horizontal position, an adapter is needed so liquid will not spill. Adapter is $2.00

Unitron No-Bee—Type No. 135

For sets needing up to 150 volts—"B" power that is incomparably quiet. Two voltage variations. 0 to 70 for detector—60 to 120 for first amplifier circuit—135 to 150 volts for final stage.

Comes equipped with the new Unitron filamentless electrolytic tube, which is guaranteed on a free replacement basis for two years but lasts many more. Once attached, never needs further adjusting. 1/10 of a cent an hour to operate. Duco Mahogany finished case 6½" x 7" x 8½" high. R.C.A. UX213 Tube can also be used.

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Price $38.00

NOTE: Unitron "A" Power, through its Unitron Control, permits use of any "B" eliminator, making latter absolutely automatic. "B" eliminator is plugged into socket at any end of "A" power. "B" and "A" current then are both automatically switched on or off by switch on panel of radio set.

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It is eminently significant that in these glorious triumphs of American courage and American equipment where the test of men and their tools was the test of the survival of the fittest, that the standard products of the Burgess Battery Company were selected, used and "carried on" under extreme and unprecedented conditions.

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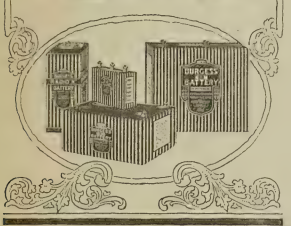


BURGESS
RADIO BATTERIES

[THE SMALL BACHELOR
Continued from Page Forty-one]

Miss Waddington, who is in the library."

"It seems funny that Mrs. Waddington did not tell you the young lady's name," brooded Hamilton Beamish.

"Very humorous, sir," agreed the butler indulgently.

* * *

"OH, Jimmy, it was sweet of you to come," said Molly.

Hamilton Beamish patted her hand absently. He was too preoccupied to notice the hateful name by which she had addressed him.

"I have had a wonderful experience," he said.

"So have I. I think I'm in love."

"I have given the matter as close attention as has been possible in the limited time at my disposal," said Hamilton Beamish, "and I have reached the conclusion that I, too, am in love."

"I think I am in love with your friend, George Finch."

"I am in love with—" Hamilton Beamish paused. "I don't know her name. She is a most charming girl. I met her coming up here on the bus, and we talked for a while on the front door-steps. I took something out of her eye."

Molly stared incredulously.

"You have fallen in love with a girl and you don't know who she is? But I thought you always said that love was a reasoned emotion, and all that."

"One's views alter," said Hamilton Beamish. "A man's intellectual perceptions do not stand still. One develops."

"I was never so surprised in my life."

"It came as a complete surprise to me," said Hamilton Beamish. "It is most aggravating that I do not know her name nor where she lives nor anything about her except that she appears to be a friend—or at least an acquaintance — of your stepmother."

"Oh, she knows mother, does she?"

"Apparently. She was calling here by appointment."

"All sorts of weird people call on mother. She is honorary secretary to about a hundred societies."

"This girl was of medium height, with an extremely graceful figure and bright brown hair. She wore a two-piece suit with a coat of fine quality rep over a long-sleeved frock of figured marocain, plaited at the sides and finished at the neck with a small collar and kilted frill. Her hat was of Yedda Visca straw, trimmed and bound with silk petersham ribbon. She had patent-leather shoes, silk stockings, and eyes of tender gray like the mists of sunrise floating over some magic pool of Fairyland. Does the description suggest anybody to you?" he inquired hopefully.

"No. But she sounds nice."

"She is nice. I gazed into those eyes only for a moment, but I shall never forget them. They were deeper than the depth of waters stilled at even."

"I could ask mother who she is."

"I should be greatly obliged if you would do so," said Hamilton Beamish. "Mention that it is someone upon whom she is to call at five o'clock tomorrow, and telephone me the name and address. Oh, to seize her and hold her close to me and kiss her, again and again and again! And now, child, tell me of yourself. I think you mentioned that you also were in love."

"Yes. With George Finch."

"A capital fellow."

"He's a lambkin," amended Molly warmly.

"A lambkin, if you prefer it."

"And I asked you to come here today to tell me what I ought to do. You see, mother doesn't like him."

"So I gathered."

"She has forbidden him the house."

"Yes."

"I suppose it's because he's poor."

Hamilton Beamish was on the point of mentioning that George had an almost indecent amount of money, but he checked himself. Who was he that he should destroy a young girl's dreams? It was as a romantic and penniless artist that George Finch had won this girl's heart. It would be cruel to reveal the fact that he was rich and the worst artist in New York.

"Your stepmother," Hamilton Beamish agreed, "is apt to see eye to eye with Bradstreet in her estimation of her fellows."

"I don't care if he hasn't any money," said Molly. "You know that, when I marry, I get that pearl necklace that father bought for mother. It's being held in trust for me. I can sell it and get thousands of dollars, so that we shall be as right as anything."

"Quite."

"But, of course, I don't want to make a runaway marriage if I can help it. I want to be married with bridesmaids and cake and presents and photographs in the rotogravure section and everything."

"Naturally."

"So the point is, mother must learn to love George. Now listen, Jimmy dear. Mother will be going to see her palmist very soon—she's always going to palmists, you know."

HAMILTON BEAMISH nodded. He had not been aware of this trait in Mrs. Waddington's character, but he could believe anything of her.

"And what you must do is to go to this palmist before mother gets there, and bribe her to say that my only happiness is bound up with a brown-haired artist whose name begins with a G."

"I scarcely think that even a palmist could make Mrs. Waddington believe that."

"She believes everything Madam Eulalie sees in the crystal."

"But hardly that."

"No, perhaps you're right. Well, then, you must get Madame Eulalie at least to steer mother off Lord Hunstanton. Last night she told me in so many words that she wanted me to marry him. He's always here, and it's awful."

"I could do that, of course."

"And you will?"

"Certainly."

"You're a darling. I should think she would do it for ten dollars."

"Twenty at the outside."

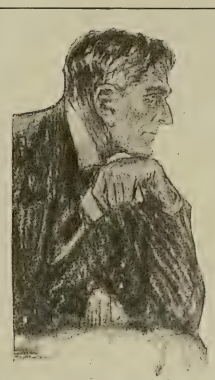
"Then that's settled. I knew I could rely on you. By the way, will you tell George something quite casually?"

"Anything you wish."

"Just mention to him that, if he happens to be strolling in Central Park tomorrow afternoon near the Zoo, we might run into each other."

"Very well."

Love works a miracle in next week's installment that will rock your sides. Don't miss it.



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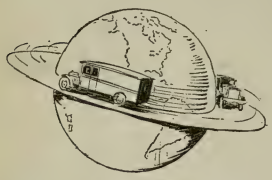

300,000 miles is 12 times around the earth at the equator.

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100,000 miles—White miles—mean more than an exceptionally long distance; more than an exceedingly durable, well-built, well-serviced motor truck or bus.

They mean unusual profits. They mean net earnings—in excess of all costs. They mean continued earnings long after the original cost has been written off the books.

200,000 miles mean all that—doubled. 300,000 miles mean all that—trebled. So on . . . . Picture the earnings of the scores of Whites that have exceeded 500,000 miles. Then picture what these mileages would mean in your own business, knowing your average mileages for a week or a month or a year.

White 100,000-mile records are not isolated performances, not special achievements under especially favorable conditions. Whites, by the thousand, exceed 100,000 miles with a regularity that makes it standard performance. . . . . All models do it. They do it in all lines of business. They do it everywhere, under all conditions of load, road, weather and climate. They do it in fleets and in single installations.

More than 8,000 Whites have run 100,000 miles and more. More than 1,400 have run 200,000 miles or more. More than 400 have exceeded 300,000 miles. The original cost of most of these 8,024 Whites has been written off the owners' books. . . . . And these mileages are actual owners' figures. They do not include many hundreds of additional Whites that have passed 100,000 miles, but whose owners have not sent us accurate records. Neither do they mirror the splendid earning records of thousands of Whites that have been serving dependably for ten, twelve, fourteen years, carrying their pay loads, without reaching the 100,000-mile mark.

This record, published annually, stands alone. No other truck manufacturer has ever published such a volume of evidence of dependability, long life and continuous earning power. No other truck manufacturer can.

In light delivery service 100,000 miles means millions of packages delivered at lowest cost. Whites build business and swell profits.

Some White Busses have run more than 500,000 miles. More than 200,000 miles for a White Bus is usual performance. And they are all money-earning miles.

Translate 100,000 miles into the terms of any sort of hauling—tons, yards, packages, cases or gallons—and the meaning is always money earned.

In service where loads are heavy and hauls are short it may take many years for a truck to run 100,000 miles. Hundreds of White Dump Trucks have passed this mark and are still earning.

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CLEVELAND

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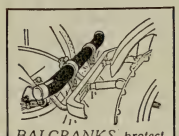
Factories seldom furnish "standard" bumper equipment. This is usually added by the car dealer, who will be glad to tell you about Balcranks. Ask him, or write us direct, giving name of dealer and make of car. THE CINCINNATI BALL CRANK COMPANY, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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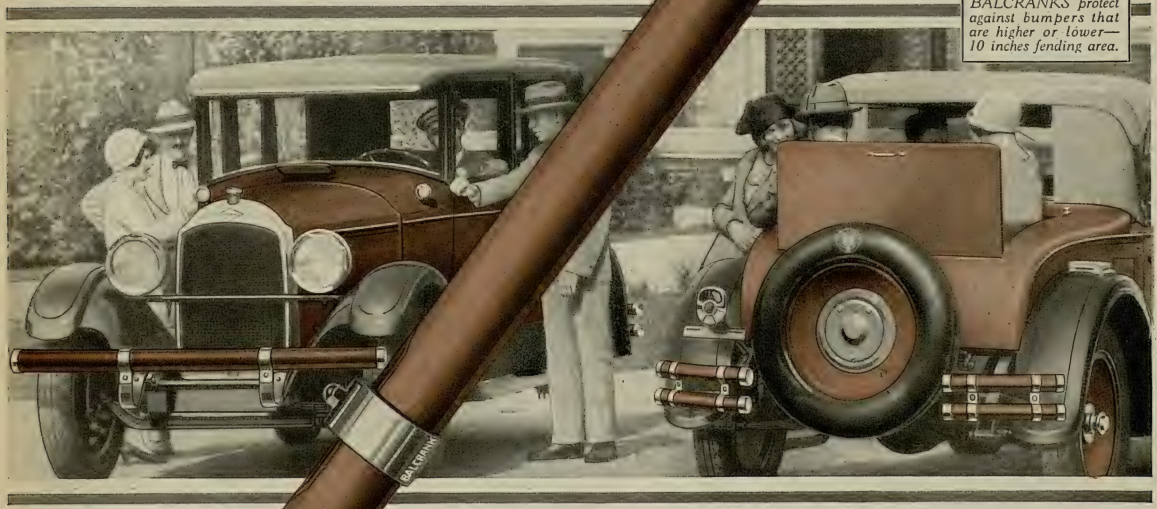

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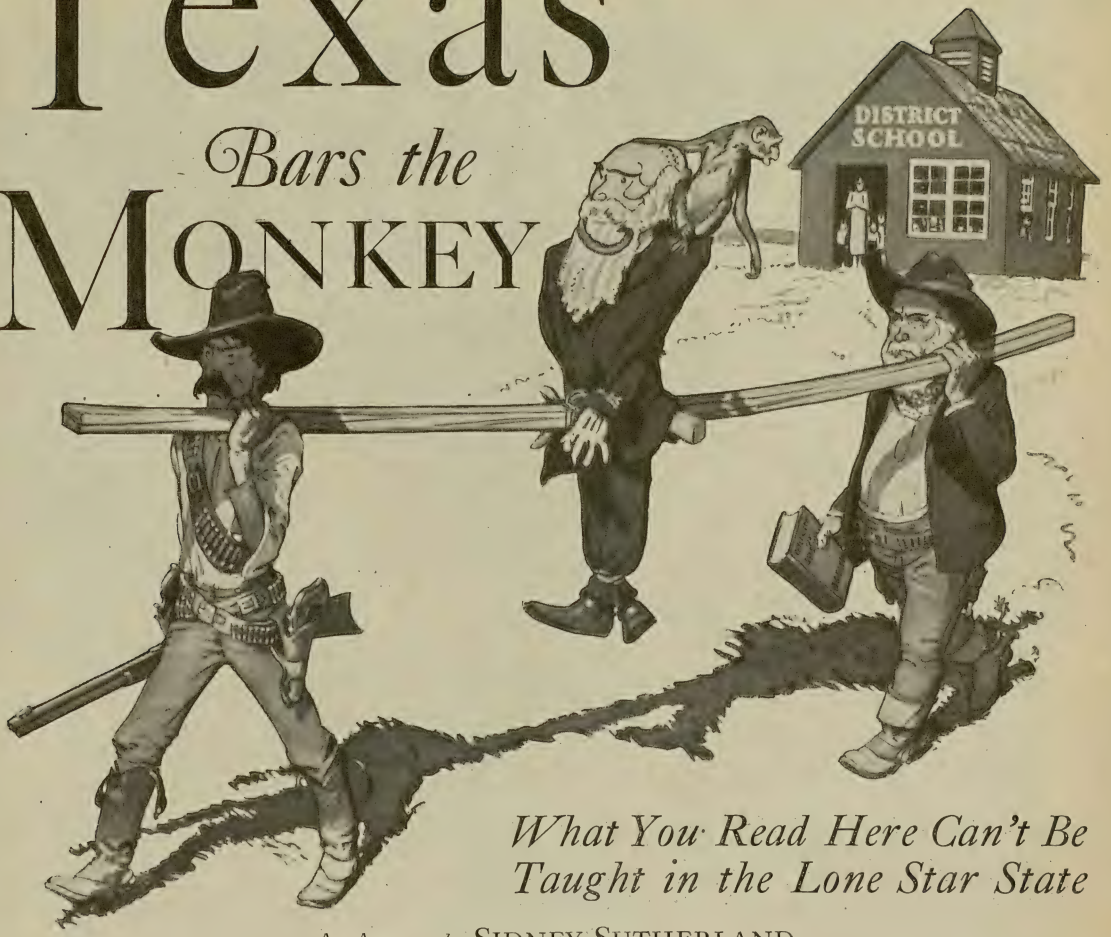
"More than a bumper"

Texas Bars the MONKEY

Picture by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT



What You Read Here Can't Be Taught in the Lone Star State

AN ARTICLE *by* SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

THE State of Texas, which recognizes the universal calendar, but dates about 1665 Anno Domini in pedagogic progress, has drawn world attention by ordering Yankee publishing houses to delete from the textbooks on science for grammar and high schools, sundry references to the theory of evolution.

By this legislative attitude toward the curriculums of its schools, taxpayers who contribute the $20,000,000 which the commonwealth expends annually on its State schools and who wish to have their children instructed in the latest conclusions of the world's scientists, will have to send the students to institutions outside the boundaries of Texas.

The Texas Free Textbook Act was adopted in 1919 and was subsequently included in the Revised Civil Statutes of Texas, which were adopted in 1925. Article 2839 provides for the organization of the Textbook Commission as follows:

> The State superintendent of public instruction, the president of the College of Industrial Arts, and the president of the Southwest Texas State Normal, the president of the University of Texas, and the president of the Texas A. & M. College, acting together as a committee after January 15, and before February 15, biennially, shall submit to the Governor the names of thirteen teachers of recognized scholarship and professional standing, who have been actively and continuously engaged in teaching or supervision in the public schools for the past five years and who have State permanent primary or State permanent certificates, together with the names of two experienced business men, and it shall be the duty of the Governor to select six teachers therefrom and one business man who shall, with the Governor and the State superintendent of public instruction, constitute the Textbook Commission.

Now, while no law was ever passed in Texas specifically forbidding the teaching of evolution, the power to so prohibit is found in Article 2845 of the Revised Civil Statutes, which says:

> The Textbook Commission may at any time require such changes, amendments, or additions to the book or books adopted as in their judgment will be for the best interest of the public schools; and contracts for books under the provisions of this act shall be made upon the distinct condition that the commission may, upon giving one year's notice to publishers, order such changes, amendments, and additions.

It is obvious that in the matter of science Darwin would not be denounced and Moses indorsed under the terms of the above law unless the Textbook Commission and the Subcommittee on Modification of Textbooks were strongly moved by public opinion. And public opinion is largely swayed by the fact that in Texas the Baptist Church and the Ku Klux Klan are powerful and active.

As constituted at present, the Textbook Commission is composed of F. W. Chudej of Austin, former employee of the *Ferguson Forum*, the personal organ of James E. Ferguson, who was impeached as Governor because of the juggling of school funds; H. W. Wroe, president of the American National Bank of Austin; Miss Ida Mae Murry, teacher,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-NINE]

INDEPENDENCE

INDEPENDENCE of spirit never fails to be recognized, whether in a newspaper or in an individual. By the way a man talks, acts and speaks the whole world knows whether he is captain of his own soul. *And similarly, by the very content of a newspaper, in its editorial opinion and its treatment of news, all who read may easily know whether that newspaper is the product of independent editing or whether it is guided by an unseen hand.*

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Terre Haute (Ind.) - - - - POST	San Francisco Detroit Los Angeles

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

of San Antonio; A. W. Birdwell, president of the Stephen F. Austin College; Thomas J. Yoe, superintendent of schools in Brownsville; B. L. Paschall, principal, of Fort Worth; F. M. Black, principal, of Houston; and ex-officio members—Governor Miriam A. Ferguson, chairman, and S. M. N. Marrs, State superintendent of public instruction, secretary.

Yoe, Paschall, and Chudej were appointed to censor and revise the textbooks on science. Swayed by those who insist that all Texas children be taught that God created Adam in His image out of dust and manufactured woman from one of Adam's ribs, the subcommittee decided to drive Darwin's theory out of the State.

One of the first books from which the profane theory Darwin promulgated was excised was Biology and Human Welfare, by James Edward Peabody and Arthur Ellsworth Hunt, published by the Macmillan Company. In this volume "evolution" is disposed of by a footnote to the Preface, stating that "a few facts indicating the struggle for existence, adaptation to environment, variations of individuals, and man's selection should be pointed out; but the factors of evolution and the discussion of its theories should not be attempted."

TEXAS, largest State in the Union, where the teaching of evolution is forbidden in the public schools.

P. & A. photo

Governor Miriam A. Ferguson.

IN Healthful Living, a textbook on physiology and hygiene by Jesse Feiring Williams, these amendments were ordered, and complied with, by Macmillan's:

Page 72, the sentence, "Animals in their evolution from lower to higher forms have increased in their power to move about," was changed to read, "Through the many generations of their existence, animals have increased their power to move about."

Page 73: "Evolution is a slow and gradual process and the skeleton of man is the result of centuries of development," was modified to "The skeleton of the higher forms of animals represents many centuries of development."

Henry Holt & Co. issued a book called Biology for Beginners, by Truman J. Moon. This biology had some remarkable experiences at the hands of the subcommittee down in Texas. The outside of the book is identified in ink as "Marked Copy." On the inside of the front cover appear these written words:

"Marked Copy. Submitted by the publishers to the revision committee of the Textbook Commission of the State of Texas. All matter to be deleted is crossed out in the copy. See pp. IX, 314-318; 320-341; 534; 549-558.

"O. K. 4—19—1926. T. J. Yoe, Chairman Texas Textbook Commission. Revision Com."

Mr. Yoe swatted the monkey right off the bat. In the second paragraph of the Preface, the word "development" was substituted for the word "evolution."

On page IX, the table of contents, the following three chapters have been eliminated bodily:

CHAPTER XXXIV. The Development of Man. Relation to other animals. Idea of Evolution. Evidences of Evolution.

CHAPTER XXV. The Method of Evolution. Antiquity of the idea. Lamarck's theory. Darwin and Natural Selection. Summary of the theory—its conclusions.

CHAPTER XXXVI. The Development of Civilized Man. Ancient records. Primitive man. Stages in Development. Implements used. Results of higher mentality. Present races.

Of course the remaining chapter headings and numbers and corresponding page numbers were altered to join the book together over the excised pages.

ON page 534 the Texans found a most offensive sentence, italicized in the following paragraph, and consequently omitted from Texas editions of this book:

"Biology teaches that all living things are alike in their fundamental life processes; *that all forms are related by descent from common qncestors;* that, as development proceeds, they become better fitted to perform their life functions, or, in other words, become more highly specialized."

Some of the statements made in the three chapters that were dropped out follow:

"It is curious to note how three factors have contributed to man's development. The erect attitude left the fore limbs free from use in locomotion and permitted their development into the most wonderful organ of prehension in the world—the hand, which is man's one point of high structural adaptation."

"There is more structural difference between the lowest primates (lemur) and the chimpanzee or gorilla than there is between these higher apes and man. Also there is a greater difference between the lowest type of savage and the highest type of civilized man than there is between the savage and the ape."

"Contrary to the ideas of some ill-informed people, no scientist has ever claimed that man is descended from an ape or any similar form, neither is there any 'missing link' to be discovered. On the other hand, scientists *do* agree that both man and the apes are descended from a common ancestor from whom both lines have developed."

"With an egotism which is entirely unwarranted, we are accustomed to speak of 'man and animals,' whereas we ought to say 'man and *other* animals,' for certainly man is an animal just as truly as the beast of the field."

"Charles Darwin spent over twenty years of strenuous toil and study, accumulating facts upon which to base his theory of evolution. Among the chief factors assigned by Darwin to account for the development of new species from common ancestry were:

"*Over-production of individuals.* A fern plant may produce fifty million spores per year. If all matured they would completely cover North America the second year. A mustard plant produces 730,000 seeds annually, which, if all matured, would occupy two thousand times all the land surface of the earth in two years. The codfish produces over a million eggs per year; if all survived this would fill the Atlantic solidly with fish in about five years. Most amazing of all is the rapidity of reproduction in bacteria and protozoa. One of the latter, if it reproduced unchecked, would make a solid mass of these microscopic animals as large as the sun in thirty-eight days.

"*Struggle for existence* and *survival of the fittest.* Since all the above cannot obtain either space or food to live, it is evident that only those best fitted for their surroundings will survive and the less fit will perish in the struggle. All unfavorable variations will be wiped out, and only the ones which have better adaptation will survive and reproduce."

In CHAPTER XXXVI, the development of man was traced from the earliest geological records to the present and years totaling hundreds of thousands were assigned to different ages in the evolution of the world and its living creatures. This, of course,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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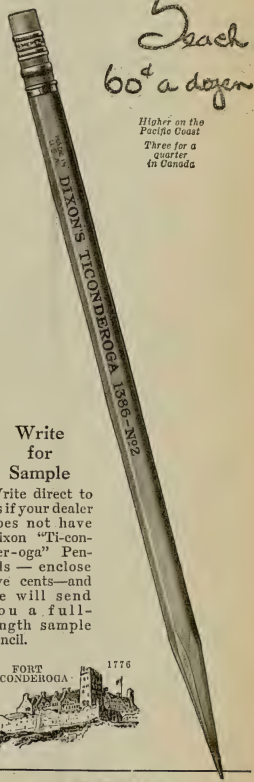

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[TEXAS BARS THE MONKEY
Continued from Page Forty-nine]

contradicts the 4004 B.C. to be found in the Bible as the date of Adam's creation, and had to be cast out of the science books which Texas children may look into.

The following sentences were eliminated from one of the textbooks:

"Some of the things that evolution does not teach: 1st, that living or extinct forms can be arranged in a straight line of descent, each descended from its predecessor; 2d, that man is descended from a monkey; and, 3d, that God can be left out of the scheme of creation."

State Superintendent Marrs, in explaining this elimination, said: "I do not believe in the teaching of evolution to immature children by unprepared teachers. I believe in the Bible from cover to cover. I believe God created men in His own image and likeness and that the whale swallowed Jonah and that the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea on dry land."

Presumably he and his fellow committeemen do not object to the teaching of evolution in the higher institutions, as nothing has been done in that regard.

THE "evolution bogey" has been a political football in Texas, as it has in other Southern States, for many years. Most bills prohibiting its teaching have been sidetracked by the better informed legislators or killed when they came to vote. There is tremendous pressure, however, from the Fundamentalist lobbies, and from time to time such measures are adopted and the school books changed.

In the case of Texas, the penalty for authors and publishers who persist in writing such illegal stuff, and for teachers who willfully teach it, seems to lie in the fact that the Textbook Commission simply will not approve the books, and of course they cannot be used in the schools.

The vote of the committee on December 15, 1925, which resulted in the present changes, has caused some lively wrangles in Texas. Marrs and former Governor Ferguson, who seems to rule behind "Ma's" petticoats, continuously quarrel about it. The impeached Governor said recently at Lufkin, Texas, in a public speech:

"If you folks are that kind of Baptists, I don't mean you but Moody [Attorney General Dan Moody] and Marrs and that bunch that got into trouble with Ma, who tried to put into the school books that man came from a tadpole and monkey. My wife answered, 'I'm a Christian mother who believes Jesus Christ died to save humanity and I am not going to let that kind of rot go into Texas textbooks.'"

Texas, however, seems to have tired of the Ferguson brand of politics and Fundamentalism, for in the last primary Dan Moody swamped Ma in her race for re-election.

The monkey, though, seems doomed to perpetual exile.

THE END

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2.—How did the Latin Quarter of Paris get its name?

3.—What island in the East Indies is long enough to reach from Florida to Colorado?

4.—What great city in the United States made a river run backward?

5.—What country is supported by gambling?

6.—What State in the Union has the longest coast line?

7.—What Englishman lost his life through Benedict Arnold?

8.—What famous explorer was killed by the natives of Hawaii?

9.—What tragic fate overtook Henry Hudson, discoverer of the Hudson River?

10.—What President of the United States served only four months?

11.—Why was there no such date as October 5 in the year 1582?

12.—What street in New York City is still named after the farm of Peter Stuyvesant?

13.—What general of the Civil War fought and won a battle after he had been ordered removed from his command?

14.—What are the colors of the rainbow?

15.—What was the origin of the American crawl stroke in swimming?

16.—How many points could Bill Tilden give Helen Wills in each game at tennis and win?

17.—What are the chances of a golfer's making a hole in one stroke?

18.—Name three books that have helped to bring about important social reforms.

19.—What part of an automobile permits the car to turn a corner without dragging one of the back wheels?

20.—What is the origin of the expression, A-1?

See Answers in Next Week's Liberty

Here are the answers to last week's questions:

Q.—What motion-picture director invented the close-up?

A.—David Wark Griffith.

Q.—How far did Gertrude Ederle swim in crossing the English Channel?

A.—About thirty-one and one-half miles.

Q.—How many cylinders has a Rolls-Royce?

A.—Six.

Q.—At what place can a ship sail eastward from the Atlantic into the Pacific?

A.—Through the Panama Canal, which runs from northwest to southeast.

Q.—When and where did George Washington do his famous "cussing"?

A.—At the battle of Monmouth, New Jersey, on June 28, 1778, when his orders were deliberately disobeyed by General Charles Lee.

Q.—What is the lowest dry land region on the earth's surface?

A.—The shores of the Dead Sea, in Palestine, 1,290 feet below sea level.

Q.—What men besides George Washington were known as "the Father of their Country"?

A.—The Greek emperor Andronicos Palaeologos (1260-1332) assumed the title. The Roman emperor Augustus Caesar. Cicero, after he destroyed the conspiracy of Catiline. Cosmo de' Medici, Duke of Florence (1574), is so designated on his tombstone. Andrea Doria is so styled on his statue in Genoa. Julius Caesar received the title after quelling the Insurrection in Spain. Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, who died in 1180. Louis XVIII of France.

Q.—What book is really Charles Dickens' autobiography?

A.—David Copperfield.

Q.—What major league baseball pitcher holds the record for games won in one season?

A.—Charles Radbourne, Providence, won 60 games in 1884.

Q.—What is considered a good drive for a woman golfer?

A.—One hundred and eighty yards, which exceeds the average drive in the Woman's National Championship Tournament.

Q.—Can you name the four kinds of venomous snakes found in the United States?

A.—The rattlesnake, the water moccasin, the copperhead, and the Sonora, or harlequin snake.

Q.—How many of a horse's feet are on the ground at once when it is trotting?

A.—One.

Q.—What Presidents were bachelors?

A.—One, James Buchanan.

Q.—What is the world's record for a mile by an automobile? A speed boat? An airplane? A runner? A swimmer? A horse?

A.—Tommy Milton drove an automobile one mile in 23:07 seconds at Daytona, Fla., on April 27, 1920. The motor boat Maple Leaf VII made 80 miles an hour on the Solent, England, in August, 1921. In December, 1924, Lieutenant Bonnet of France flew an airplane at the rate of 278.48 miles an hour, or 4,641 miles a minute. Paavo Nurmi ran a mile in Switzerland, August 23, 1923, in 4 minutes, 10 4/5 seconds. G. R. Hodgson, a Canadian, swam a mile in 23 minutes, 34 5/10 seconds, at Stockholm on July 10, 1912. Roamer ran a mile against time at Saratoga, August 21, 1918, in 1:34 4/5.

Q.—Give the name of the present Pope and his predecessor. Also their names before election.

A.—Pius XI, the present Pope, was named Achille Ratti. Benedict XV was Giacomo della Chiesa.

Q.—Where, when, and why was Nathan Hale executed? What were his last words?

A.—Nathan Hale was hanged on September 22, 1776, on a tree in a British artillery park that stood on what is now First Avenue between 45th and 46th streets, New York City. He was captured within the British lines, disguised as a Dutch school-teacher, and was convicted of being a spy. His last words were: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Q.—How many names are signed to the Declaration of Independence? Who was the oldest signer? The youngest?

A.—Fifty-six men signed the Declaration of Independence. The oldest was Benjamin Franklin, who was seventy. The youngest was Edward Rutledge, a South Carolina lawyer, who was twenty-six.

Q.—Do wives or husbands get divorces most frequently in the United States? What is the commonest cause of divorce? In what year after marriage are divorces most numerous?

A.—Wives obtain more than 65 per cent of all divorces. The commonest cause is cruelty. More divorces are obtained in the third year than in any other.

Q.—What three countries have the largest military man-power in the world?

A.—China, with 15,000,000 men of military age; Russia, with 13,000,000; and the United States, with 12,000,000.

Q.—When was the typewriter invented?

A.—The first typewriter of which there is any record was patented in England in 1714. The first American typewriter, called a typegrapher, was patented by W. A. Burt in 1829.

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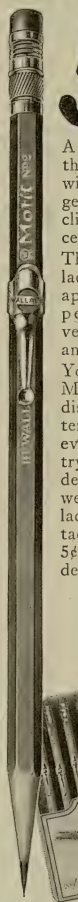

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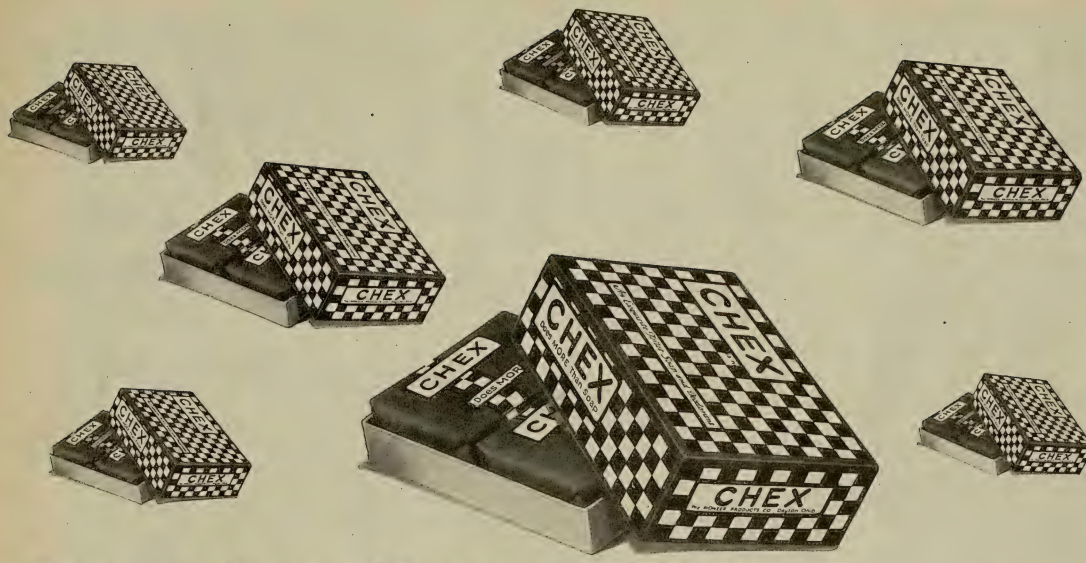
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It Looks Like a Permanent BOB

Picture by Lester Ralph

Paris Fashion Finds a Multitude of Fancies for Short Hair

An Article by
EILEEN BOURNE

THERE are few things you can prophesy about woman with absolute certainty outside of the facts that she will be born, may marry, and will some day quietly head a procession of mourners.

About the tomorrow of her coiffure—no more than her moods, may you speak with finality.

I came to Paris to find out, among other things, in what direction her head showed signs of turning — whether away from the bob or still longingly toward it; and now I feel better prepared to speak of the immediate mode than to attempt to say what Madame may be doing to her head a year or so hence.

The Parisian coiffeurs, however, are not so timid in their prophetic declarations. I have interviewed a number of them, and the only man that unqualifiedly pronounced the doom of short hair was one who specialized in postiches—transformations and false chignons.

Antoine, Emile, and Francois, three famous oracles, say emphatically that short hair will rule so long as modern woman and her dress are what they are—short-skirted, close-fitting, athletic, and free. They and the other coiffeurs with whom I talked say that short hair is an evolution rather than a fashion; that it is as characteristic of our day as gorgeous fabrics were of the Renaissance, voluminous skirts of the eighteenth century, and bustles, ringlets, and fainting fits of a later century. But history has a prankish way of changing.

THE ear may be half concealed to show only the tip, or may be entirely hidden.

THE hair may be left long on the sides and down in what the French call "macarons."

Even Emile, one of the most conventional of hair artists, declares in one breath that not for ten years at least shall we see a return to long hair, and as an afterthought recalls that fashions are created willfully sometimes, as was the case with powdered locks. During the time of Louis XIV two Englishwomen had come to be presented at court. They arrived too late to have their hair dressed in the current style, so for a caprice they powdered their heavy tresses and the style caught on immediately.

THE full ear may be exposed where it is small and close fitting with an earring usually to relieve the severity.

Pictures by Jean J. Pastoret

Right at the moment I'd certainly say that the cropped hair reigns in spite of the exceptions one sees. You do see them, it is true, and buyers from America will have carried back word that mannequins in a number of houses have taken to long hair again.

At the dress showings I attended myself, with one exception, I found the long-haired models remarked upon but not in the majority. At these invitation showings are gathered many of the very chic Parisian women and among them the long-haired individual was the exception. When the hair was worn long it was swept back, finished off in a small, tight chignon so that the outline of the head and features were as plainly defined as though the tresses were clipped.

The milliners apparently agree with the coiffeurs that the day when woman will let her locks grow long is still some distance

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[IT LOOKS LIKE A PERMANENT BOB
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

away. Try to get a hat in Paris while attached to your scalp is anything resembling a Lady Godiva heirloom! Just try it once; and be convinced that you would better go back home and have it pulled out by the roots.

The coiffeurs have every reason to encourage short hair. Their business has been trebled, quadrupled; more than that, in fact, since its inauguration. Today a woman has to come frequently to have the hair clipped and trimmed, to have her eyebrows plucked, her nails manicured, her face massaged.

SHE, in the meantime, keeps on shingling—the majority of her. There is no question in my mind but that you can get a better shampoo in America, but on the cut and the wave the Paris coiffeur excels. Perhaps that is the reason women over here do keep on shingling. You see so many heads that are perfectly done, bobs that give distinction.

I was told by an acquaintance in the business when I first came over that there was a concerted movement among hairdressers to launch the postiche for wear with formal evening clothes. It is already showing itself. A postiche is a transformation or wig to be worn over hair that is bobbed very short. It weighs only a few ounces, and is made from real hair, on a net foundation. It is bobbed, but with hair cut long enough to wave softly and gracefully, and again it is arranged with a chignon.

Quite a number of the smartly turned out women wear the hair extremely short and brushed back off the forehead and behind the ears. With formal evening dress this mannish style requires feminizing which the postiche is expected to supply.

Emile tells me that women order them sometimes in a color dissimilar to their natural shade and that one can pay from 5,000 to 20,000 francs to indulge the whim.

A very smart American friend who has lived in Paris for years, though her hair is brown, wears a gray postiche. Gray hair is considered very chic. It is be-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

coming, she explains, and there is no attempt to deceive with a wig of an entirely different shade.

I notice on some of the *jeunes filles* a disposition to wear the hair in chignon style. Perhaps they have to do this to make some distinction between mater and child. But the girl you notice as *chic* with her hair done in a knot or braided across the back is the one with a small head and slender neck.

THOSE who speak authoritatively of the shingle predict that women in future will not be so slavish in following any one particular mode. But it is surprising how much individuality may be effected. The front part may shift from the middle on one head to not more than an inch above the ear on another. The full ear may be exposed where it is small and close fitting, usually with an earring to relieve the severity, or the ear may be half concealed or show only the tip or be entirely hidden behind softly draped waves.

The tightly swept back hair and the frank ear are not for the woman who shows a wide space over the temples nor for one with a high forehead. If the face is round, one accentuates the moon-faced effect with the short, tight clip.

Many of the heads you see are entirely without wave.

The dressing of the back of the head is done obviously with a mirror in one hand and a back to the dressing table. The part may run down the middle of the head, ending a few inches above the lower rim, whence it is brushed toward the ears in opposite direction.

The part in the back, as in the front, may be laid an inch away from one or the other ear, the narrow side brushed one way, the wide in the opposite direction. Or, if the face is framed with large "feminine" waves, the hair in the back is brushed in one wide sweep in a single direction. Frequently it is left longer at the sides so that it may be brushed across the back in a swirled movement.

With the masculine cut, the hair is thinned out underneath in the back to what appears like a single layer or two of hair, and considerable thinning goes on with every cropped head to get the clearer outline.

Occasionally one sees a woman with the back of her head severely shingled, the hair left long on the sides and done in what the French call "macarons" over the ears, braided or loosely coiled masses.

One Florentine beauty, with blonde hair of the satiniest texture I have ever seen, had hers plaited in the tiniest braids no wider than a fingernail. Her face was long and slender, her hair parted in the center, pasted down flat to the head, the braids covering both ears and pinned down tightly in the back.

Becomingness, the ultimate test of any fashion, is the thing to strive for. Extreme styles in coiffure require a tremendous chic, if not outstanding beauty.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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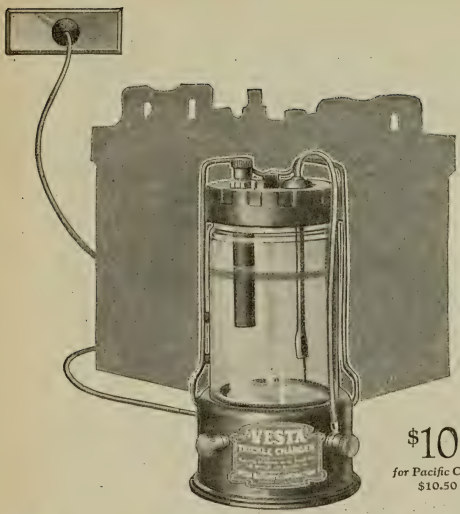

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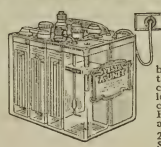

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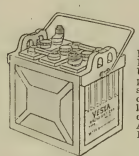

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[IT LOOKS LIKE A PERMANENT BOB
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

Women with good necks still wear a point in the back. Some do this who shouldn't, because it makes the tendons on either side stand out like sentinels. Emile says a brunette can wear this pointed line better than a blonde, but in either case it should be determined by the shape of the neck and whether the hair grows naturally to a point. A long neck should eschew it, but a short neck may be improved by a slight dip in the center.

ONE has to be careful, when the back of the head is clipped, not to get too hard a line. Some coiffeurs are bent on running the clippers up under it destructively. The use of clippers and razors in treating this part of the head is taboo by the higher class coiffeurs.

Everywhere I asked if there were any new styles for dressing long hair, but outside of the tight little chignon at the nape of the neck or the flat dressing already described, I learned nothing. Certainly no hair is dressed higher than the rim line in the back and always the outline of the skull is boldly defined.

Whether the postiche and the chignon will be accepted generally, remains to be seen; but from what I observed at the fall dress showings I should say there is too little change from the silhouette of the last few seasons to presage any immediate disturbance to the shorn head.

THE END

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LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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Mother: "Good night, Tommy; go to sleep now. You needn't be afraid of the dark, because mother will be in the next room and can hear you if you even turn over."

Tommy (calling a few minutes later): "Mamma, did you hear me turn over?"

Mother (unthinkingly): "Yes, Tommy."

Tommy: "Ah, mamma, you told a story, 'cause I didn't turn over."
—MARY SPRINKLE, Box 338, Marion, Va.

* * *

Did the Cat Surprise Mary?

Little Mary, in a burst of housekeeping enthusiasm, placed the food for the evening meal on the table, and skipped into the next room to inform her mother of the industry she had exhibited.

"But," objected the mother, "you should not have placed the food on the table while the cat was in the dining-room. He might get it."

"That's all right," responded Mary brightly; "I turned out the light so he couldn't see it."—JOHN R. BROUGHER, Texas City, Texas.

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Stacomb will suit any type of hair, because it comes in two forms. You may prefer it in cream form—in the attractive, opalescent jar or the handy tube. Or you may prefer the delightful, new Liquid Stacomb.

But in either form Stacomb, you will find, is totally invisible on your hair, pleasant to use, and *really keeps your hair in place*—smooth, smart, but never sticky or greasy. And never dry and brittle, as daily wetting with water makes it.

Stacomb is actually beneficial, because it tends to prevent dandruff. At all drug and department stores.

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Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked: Original, cream form ☐ New liquid form ☐

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Strained Relations

A Short Story of a Cow-girl, an Aristocrat, and a Snubbing that Failed

By Mark Lee Luther

Pictures by GRANT T. REYNARD

"FANCY!" said Lady Violet. "How interestin'!"

Mr. Cartwright had just mentioned that in his professional appearances Buck Kilgore wore silver spurs inset with rubies and diamonds.

Lady Violet Rivers needs no introduction to any audience. Both hemispheres know that she is a daughter of the Duke of Oldcastle and a famous beauty. She had now braved the Atlantic to fill an engagement in the films.

In his own orbit Mr. Rupert Cartwright, too, was a celebrity, being the third luminary in that galaxy which upholds the proud traditions of the New York bar under the name and style of Cartwright, Sladen, Cartwright, Murphy & Forbes. Which is one reason why he knew Lady Violet. Her ladyship was dissatisfied with sundry clauses in her motion-picture contract.

Mr. Buck Kilgore is of course no other than the proprietor of Buck Kilgore's Round-Up, then on exhibition in New York. He seemed to Lady Violet typically American. She was at present very keen on things typically American. Mr. Cartwright suspected that, true to form, the British visitor meant to perpetrate a book.

"WHY, it's Tony!" he shouted, leaping on his chair.

"How interestin'!" she repeated. "I'd love to meet him."

"Why not? It's a simple matter. He's a client of mine. In fact, he has sent me a box for tonight's performance. Have you an engagement?"

"Yes," said she. "But I'll break it. Where shall we dine?"

"The Ritz?" he suggested.

She looked disappointed.

"Can't we make it T-Bone John's?" she asked.

"Perhaps that would be a more fitting prelude to a cow-puncher show," he said. "The earlier the better, then we'll have time to go behind."

After he had squired his august caller to the elevator Mr. Cartwright addressed himself to the details of a merger until an office boy announced James Wetherell.

Mr. Wetherell entered with a gloomy nod and gave immediate proof of his familiarity with his surroundings by opening the top left-hand drawer of the lawyer's desk and abstracting a deeply brunette cigar.

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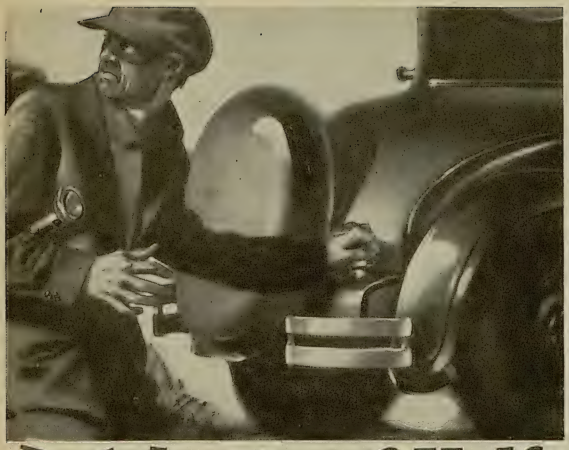

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You are actually robbed of half your gasoline—for every ten gallons you buy you are robbed of five! That's a startling statement, but true. You are getting just half the power, half the mileage you should get out of your gasoline. For now an amazing new invention—a ridiculously simple little device—makes practically any car give twice its regular mileage to the gallon! And now the inventor will send you a sample at his own risk! Read his offer below.

Earn $34 to $69 a Day

61 Miles On a Gallon!

This wonderful little device cuts the cost of gasoline in half by making practically any car give twice its regular mileage to the gallon—it made it possible for a car to go 61 miles on a gallon of gasoline!

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I made approximately 60 miles on a gallon of gas in a Ford sedan as I made 15 miles on one quart of gas.—O. G. Ziegler, Pa.

32 Miles with Buick

Vaporizers installed on both Buick and Ford are doing wonderful work; getting 32 miles on Buick and 51 miles with Ford.—Harvey C. Hipple.

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I must say the vaporizer I used on my Dodge is all you say it is. I made over 40 miles per gallon between Brownsville and Tampico, Mexico.—T. L. Brown, Texas.

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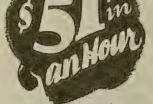
And now this amazing new invention is making big money for agents and distributors. Now you, too, can make good money—just telling your friends about it. You should easily earn astonishing big profits in full or spare time.

Fits Any Make or Model Car

Here's how this wonderful little device works—how it adds more power and mileage to any make or model car. Every carburetor is adjusted to make starting easy—it gives a rich mixture to start a cold engine. But once the engine gets heated up the mixture is far too rich, resulting in faulty explosion. There is too much gasoline and not enough air. Half the gasoline is drawn into the cylinders in a raw state and instead of exploding, it burns. This causes a heavy deposit of carbon.

But with this startling little device in a car all this is changed. As soon as the engine warms up, this device automatically begins to admit a much larger volume of air, thoroughly vaporizing all the gasoline, giving it fully 50% more power—breaking it up so that it explodes instead of burning.



A Carbon Remover

Not only does this invention save half the gasoline, but it also saves the expense and time of having carbon scraped out—a job costing from $5 to $25. It prevents carbon formation and it removes carbon after it is formed.

The Stransky Vaporizer is one of the biggest sales propositions of the century—you can make big money quick. But don't take our word for it. Read what these men say. J. W. Cronk made $51 in one hour. He says: "The results of one hour's work—17 men gave me orders for the vaporizer!"

$120 in One Day!

I have found out that the Stransky will do what you said it would. I took forty orders in one day and wasn't out long. My Ford runs better than it ever did. I can save half the gas and it pulls better.—J. M. James.

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My gas bill has been cut nearly in half. I have removed every particle of carbon from my engine. Since I installed it my engine runs as good as new, starts easier and quicker. I went out Saturday about three hours and secured 16 orders. —J. A. Williams.

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My profits for one day were $147.50. In one week I made $280. Yes, I am always on the job.—S. E. Herrick, Ore.

Sells 500 in One Day

My best day's sales were 500 vaporizers; the next was 250; at another time I sold 25 in 35 minutes and at another time 27 in 45 minutes.—W. H. Eberlein.

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The Stransky Vaporizer actually cuts the cost of gasoline in half, by making a gallon give double the power, double the mileage. Already it is being used by over a million satisfied car owners—on all makes and models of cars in the United States, Alaska, China, Africa, and sixty-nine other foreign countries.

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The demand for the Stransky Vaporizer is enormous. Agents handling this device are simply coining money. Men with no sales experience are sending in orders in 100 lots, netting them two to three hundred dollars. This may sound like big money. It is big money—it is a big proposition—the biggest ever brought to your attention.

Just send the coupon at once for full details of our introductory sample offer. Be the man to cash in big in your community. Mail the coupon right now—today!

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City.....State.....

J. A. STRANSKY MFG. CO.

M-460 Stransky Bldg., Pukwana, So. Dakota

[STRAINED RELATIONS
Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

"Beautiful day," said Mr. Cartwright.

The topic did not entice the caller.

"Haven't you a match anywhere about this one-horse concern?"

"In the bronze box under that paper you just slapped down, James. When did you take to reading the tabloid dailies?"

"Look at it!" invited Mr. Wetherell hoarsely. "It hit me in the eye as I passed a news stand. Look at it! Spang in the middle of the front page!"

Mr. Cartwright looked. Below a half tone of a personable youth in chaps, a gaudy shirt, and a more than ample hat, ran the caption: HEIR TO MILLIONS DONS COWBOY TOGS.

Smaller yet scarcely shrinking type informed the public that Tony Wetherell, son of James Wetherell of New York and Bar Harbor, grandson of the late Anthony Wetherell, traction magnate, was appearing twice daily with Buck Kilgore's Round-Up and that his cow-girl bride was also a member of the company.

"VERY like his grandfather, isn't he?" commented the lawyer.

"Is that all you have to say?"

"What is there to say, James? What is there to do? We are confronted with an accomplished fact. We can't turn back the mighty wheels of the press. We can't recall the thousands of copies of this paper which now litter the subway, the L, the surface lines, the streets, the parks—"

"Don't rub it in," groaned Wetherell. "Wasn't it enough for him to marry a cow-girl without bringing her East on this kind of honeymoon?"

Mr. Cartwright evaded the question.

"I don't see Mrs. Tony's picure," the lawyer said, turning the pages.

"You will tomorrow! I wonder that these papers aren't broadcasting her brazen face today."

"Maybe she doesn't court publicity."

"A circus girl not court publicity!"

"A rodeo isn't exactly a circus, James. It's more in the line of a sporting event, I gather. The performers aren't salaried. They compete for prizes. Perhaps that accounts for Tony's presence. He was always a good horseman, and life in Wyoming would stimulate his interest in this sort of thing. He's made his ranch pay, hasn't he?"

"I don't know. When he came into his grandfather's legacy and cleared out I washed my hands of his affairs."

"He hasn't written you, then?"

"Once or twice at first. I did not answer him. I've never mentioned it to you, Rupert, but the cub made himself damned unpleasant over my remarriage."

Mr. Cartwright was well aware of what had happened. Tony himself had come to him and poured out the story red hot.

He had worshiped his mother.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Death to the Traitor!"

Clack—Clack—Clack came the sound of the watchman's stick. Something held Anne's heart still. Then came his voice, "Thr-e-e-e o'clock in the morning, and a traitor has been caught! God bless the King—and death to all traitors!" Anne knew it was David. "Dear God———" But let the inspired pen of Curwood tell you what happened—you will be enthralled by—

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

It infuriated him when his father suddenly married his dead wife's secretary. The lawyer's sympathies, discreetly repressed, were with Tony. He did not care for the second Mrs. Wetherell. She struck him as rather dizzy on her new social pinnacle. At times she embodied his notion of the perfect snob.

"Youth," said Mr. Cartwright in his most legal manner, "is hasty. Youth is intolerant. But hasn't he—didn't those letters you failed to answer express contrition?"

"Why, yes. He apologized to *me*."

"But not to—ah, I understand. But since then, James, much water has flowed under the bridge. He too has married. You are both in the same boat."

"Those two women will never mix," Wetherell declared. "Besides, if Tony had really wanted to patch things up, he'd have left that female broncho buster out West. It's plain enough why he came back here, like this, where everybody knows him. He wants to humiliate us."

"Perhaps not," said Cartwright. "He's very likely proud of his broncho-buster. He may wish to show her off. By the way, wasn't he once engaged to the younger Mitchell girl?"

"Yes. She broke it off because she thought he had T. B. All he needed was outdoor life. Look at him in that picture, Rupert. He could take on Jack Dempsey."

"Or bulldog a steer," said Cartwright musingly.

"What's that?"

"A range pastime. It's also, I believe, one of the high spots of Buck Kilgore's Round-Up." The lawyer chuckled. "Put yourself in Tony's place. Wouldn't it appeal to your sense of humor, if you were Tony, to return to your native town, and Amy Mitchell's, and publicly bulldog a steer?"

"I WOULDN'T push the joke so far as to tie myself up to a cow-girl," said Wetherell. "But we're beating about the bush. I came down here for practical help. I want to put a stop to his appearances with this tomfool outfit while it's in the city.

"Why, my God, man, half the people I know are flocking to the Garden tonight! I feel as if the whole world was grinning at me."

"Then why don't you grin back, and choose a conspicuous place to do it? Go to the Garden and look as if you enjoyed it. I have a box at my disposal. Meet me in the lobby at eight-fifteen."

Wetherell emitted hollow laughter.

"Any more sound advice?"

"Yes. Bring your wife."

"Bring my—oh, what in blue blazes does a bachelor know about married life!"

"Domestic relations are a branch of the law, James. But follow your own intuition as regards Mrs. Wetherell. In any case, there'll be a spare seat. My only other guest will be Lady Vi."

"Eh!"

"Lady Violet Rivers. Hadn't you heard that she's in town?"

"Who hasn't?" Wetherell eyed the lawyer with increased respect. "Is she a client of yours?"

Cartwright nodded.

"And friend," he added debonairly. "We're dining together before the show, but we'll surely see you by eight-fifteen."

"Oh, will you!" retorted Wetherell darkly, and, having helped himself to a second cigar, stalked out.

At T-Bone John's Lady Violet tucked away steak and onions and sketched the quaint characters round about till one of the quaintest lounged over to Mr. Cartwright and stated that, if the skirt did not can that stuff, he'd mash his nose.

Though crudely phrased, there was no ambiguity in this demand. The nose in question was Rupert's. Lady Violet was the skirt. This terse description of herself amused her. Indeed she plainly relished the whole situation. It would furnish copy, the lawyer foresaw, for the inevitable book. His own enjoyment was less keen. Neither in brawn nor repartee was he a match for the fellow. Fortunately, after collecting other racy specimens of New World speech, Lady Violet decided to put away her pencil and only Mr. Cartwright's dignity was marred.

"But why did he mind bein' sketched?" she asked as they motored uptown.

Her companion reflected that it might be because the sketch was so abominably bad.

SLOWLY the man twisted the steer's head, slowly it yielded and, to the roar of the crowd, fell to its knees.

"Probably he is a jailbird. I felt that it would be foolhardy to cross such a sinister-looking brute."

"How interestin'!" said Lady Violet and, after a pause, dropped absently: "I wonder what Buck Kilgore would have done."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[STRAINED RELATIONS Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

Rupert preferred to assume that she was merely thinking aloud.

"I may have other guests," he told her. "At least I have asked Mr. and Mrs. Wetherell to join us."

Lady Violet came briskly out of her dream.

"The James Wetherells? Why, you dear old thing! It was perfectly rippin' of you to arrange it. When, at luncheon today, I heard about their son and his marriage and *their* marriage. I said to myself that I simply must meet them. It's all so typically American, you know. Have you really persuaded them to—what is it you say?—to bury the hammer?"

"Hatchet," amended Rupert. "An Indian rite. Though, on second thought, your version does bring the saying up to date. I haven't made peace in the Wetherell family. I don't know whether you'll see them tonight or not. I mean, of course, the senior Wetherells. The younger generation no doubt will be on view."

IT was but a quarter to eight and, skirting the arena, they passed through a gate in the temporary corral at the far end and found themselves in the rodeo's intimate menage.

It looked like a stable. It smelled like a stable. Horses and cattle filled the stalls. From a high-barred pen glared a vast and temperamental bull. Meeting his eye, Rupert felt an unwonted sense of awe.

"Would you believe it," he said, "they'll try to ride that fellow?"

"Superb!" exclaimed Lady Violet.

She said "Superb!" again as Buck Kilgore detached himself from a gay-shirted group of cowboys and walked toward them. Handsome, slender, graceful as a leopard, he bore himself as kings should and rarely can. The lawyer, fired with the spirit of the moment, made the presentation with the flourish of a Gold-Stick-in-Waiting.

"Are you really Mr. Kilgore?" breathed Lady Violet.

"Yes, ma'am," said Buck gently.

Her glance was caught by a silver glitter in his left hand.

"And those are the famous spurs?"

"Well, ma'am," he said, "they're spurs."

"May I take them?"

She examined these works of art with a thoroughness she would not have bestowed on crown jewels. Mr. Kilgore answered her questions with godlike patience and subdued accents. His "ma'am" was no sign of social distress. If anyone was ill at ease it was Lady Violet. She had to look up to meet his eyes, a novelty for one so tall as she, and seldom had she encountered a reserve so serene. Then the talk fell on horses and the centaur recognized a fellow expert. Their technicalities confounded Mr. Cartwright. His gaze wandered

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

and presently his feet followed his gaze. He had spied young Wetherell.

"Well, my boy," he said, "so the effete East has called you?"

Tony gripped both his hands.

"If it isn't the elegant Prince Rupert! And how is the Big Brother of the Follies and Chief Ornament of the Bar? Still watchdog of the Wetherell interests, aren't you? Well, I'm not making any advances. Why should I?"

MR. CARTWRIGHT resorted thriftily to his arguments of a few hours ago.

"Much water has flowed under the bridge, Tony."

"I'll say there has."

"And you and your father are now practically in the same boat."

"I'll say we're not," he retorted. "You haven't met *my* wife."

"I should like to meet her."

"Pat is in her dressing-room."

"Is he?" Rupert arched his brows. "And who is Pat?"

"My wife. She's the finest little girl who ever wore shoe leather. Her father's ranch adjoins mine."

Mr. Cartwright was interested. "What are the others like? I mean Mrs. Tony's associates in this—this novel field for women?"

"Better amble farther up Broadway," Tony said dryly. "You've come to the wrong stage door."

The lawyer coughed.

"My dear boy! You misapprehend me. I merely wished, as an old friend, to assure myself that your wife's companions are such——"

Tony's laugh silenced him.

"Rest easy," he said. "Every one of them is married and has a two-fisted husband with her on tour. None of them keeps late hours. None of them smokes. None of them drinks. Do you suppose, with the stunts they do, they'd gamble with their health? If you knew these ponies, how clever they are, how they sense in a minute if the rider isn't on the job—oh, what's the use? You can't tell a tenderfoot anything.

THE rider was a girl and James recalled that his son was also a husband.

He has to take his medicine. You'll soon see what the bunch is like. As for the girls—here's a society note!—when they get an hour or two off they generally go shopping or sew."

"How refreshing! This will be comforting news for your father."

"I don't want to comfort him. Not but what I think he needs sympathy."

The eminent adept in the art of compromise caught at this straw.

"He does, Tony. I won't go into particulars, but he does. So don't be stubborn. Meet him halfway. If he extends the olive branch, don't beat him with it. There is a bare possibility that he will be here tonight."

The possibility seemed to him indeed bare, yet when he had shown Lady Violet to her seat and elbowed his way to the entrance, he beheld James, and beside him, eying a photo-peddling cow person with hauteur, the lady of his impetuous second choice.

"Ah, there you are at last!" said Rupert blithely. "And Mrs. Wetherell, too. How charming you look. Always wear orchids. They're distinctly your flower. Lady Violet is so eager to meet you that she cut short her talk with the great Buck Kilgore. We've been behind with the artists—four-footed and otherwise. They have a bull back there, James, that left me dumb."

"I'm surprised," said Wetherell. "You, if anyone, should speak his language."

HIS wife eloquently said nothing, her usual practice with Cartwright. Silence, she had found, disconcerted him. He could not understand it in a woman. As they entered, her gaze raked the lower tier of boxes for Lady Violet. With a glass she might have descried her stepson draped over a rustic gate at the arena's end.

"Bleached as convicts, most of 'em," said Tony, appraising with pity the gathering host. "I've spotted several of my little playmates, Pat. Not one in ten has kept himself fit. Fat slug up there on the left was once Yale's greatest center. Now he's bucking Wall Street and look at him! How any man with red corpuscles—hello! Well, I'll be hornswoggled! How that girl has dropped off!"

"Another little playmate?'"

"Yes; Amy Mitchell. Time was I thought she had Helen of Troy backed off the map."

He turned his shoulder on the vision that once enthralled him. "Why, honey, she can't hold a candle to you. And to think I had to go two thousand miles to find you!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Cones—the latest development in speakers—have large conical parchment diaphragms. Hitherto, these diaphragms have been Concentric, with the stylus or actuating unit at the center.

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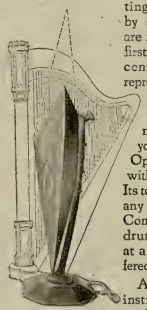

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[STRAINED RELATIONS
Continued from Page Sixty-one]

"I went farther than that to find you, Tony."

"You sure did. My, but you're sweet tonight, Pat. Some of this outfit probably expect to see you in fringed buckskin. You'll give 'em an eyeful in those tan corduroys."

She made no reply. Trailing her gaze, he arrived at Rupert's box party. He had told Pat nothing of his encounter with the lawyer. Moreover he had not for a moment believed that his father would come. That woman, too! Cartwright's third guest was unknown to him.

He stole a glance at his wife and found her cheeks aflame. He thought her adorable when she flushed, but this torrent of color startled him. Had she guessed?

While he puzzled a whistle blew.

"Time to mount," he said, and, as they fled down a dim passageway, he stopped and kissed her. "Don't ever stop loving me, dear."

"As if I could——"

A blare of band music drowned her voice.

OUT from the exit on the far side of the barrier Buck the Magnificent was already leading his cavalcade into the arena and dazzling Lady Violet anew.

"That," she declared, "is what I call a man."

Mrs. Wetherell agreed with her as she had agreed with everything those patrician lips let fall. James, perhaps because he saw merely the back of Lady Violet's head, remained unhypnotized and recalcitrant. His seat, he complained, was hard. He objected to the barnyard smell. He felt a draft. Scanning the list of contestants, he prodded the program with a rigid finger.

"Look!" he hissed in his friend's weary ear. "D'you see that? 'Pat Wetherell!' My God, couldn't the hussy have used her own name?"

"But she has, James. Legally it's as much hers as yours. By the way, what was her maiden name?"

"Was I asked to the wedding? How should I know?"

THE picturesqueness of the grand march was lost upon Mr. Wetherell. He was searching its serpentine folds for his kin. Tony he identified with the distasteful aid of neighboring box-holders, former intimates of his son, who hailed him raucously as he went by on a prancing roan. But which of the troop of feminine riders, all young and lithe and trim, was his daughter-in-law? So profound was his pessimism, he told himself that it did not matter a hoot. Whichever she might be, she was the product of an uncouth environment and an unwelcome addition to the family.

Nor was he at the outset even mildly intrigued by the entertainment. The Follies had taken the edge from his zest for rope tricks. He missed both the Rogerian monologue and a cushioned seat. The roping and tying of cattle

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

provoked merely yawns. He turned a fishy eye also on the trained donkey and the bucolic clown.

With the first bucking contest, however, he pinned his gaze on the stalls where the beasts were warily saddled and mounted and sent plunging forth. The next fool to risk his life would surely be his son.

Yet, when Tony failed to appear at all in this event, he was not rid of suspense. The lawyer's jest, during their office conference, sprang to mind to torment him. He had a premonition which would not down that the unspeakable young idiot was conserving his energies to bulldog a steer.

How one bulldogged a steer he did not know. A pastime of the range, Rupert had called it. More of his infernal humor, probably. The fellow was growing senile. Why, a moment ago, he'd actually been yelling himself hoarse! Out of the welter of his paternal anxiety James dredged up the impression that Lady Violet, too, had behaved in an unseemly manner. She had certainly uttered a primitive and plebeian squeal. Mad, both of them. They'd enjoy watching Tony bulldog a steer. Or a steer bulldog Tony!

Whereupon his dire conjectures were banished by the real thing.

FROM the enclosure dashed a herd of Texas longhorns, filling the air with the musky odor of their breath, and after them a troop of mounted men.

Two horsemen cut out a fleet, glossy creature from the mass and raced him down the arena, doubling as he doubled, pressing close to his flank. Then, almost too swiftly for Wetherell's eye to follow, the near rider took a flying leap through space and, as his helper sheered off with the horses, could be seen clinging precariously to the back of the enraged and bucking steer.

Presently—they were far away now from the Cartwright box—the man was on the animal's neck, grasping the horns; then, somehow, his feet touched earth and for a dozen yards plowed on in a cloud of dust; and then, suddenly, both were at a dead stop and locked in a grim struggle.

Slowly the man twisted the steer's head. Slowly it yielded and, to the roar of the crowd, fell to its knees. At last, in abrupt surrender, the great body relaxed and lay prone and panting. The victor rose and nonchalantly brushed his clothes.

"WHY, it's Tony!" James shouted, leaping on his chair. "Great stuff! Good boy, Tony!"

His wife's upraised face seemed to question his sanity, but he received powerful moral support. Lady Violet, too, was on her feet.

"Bravo!" she cried. "Jolly well played!" Then, turning: "Is he *your* boy?"

"You bet," said James.

"Sit down!" commanded one of the mere populace in the rear. "We didn't pay good money to look at you birds. Sit down!"

They sat.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-FIVE]

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Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

TWO YEARS OLD and ALREADY SECOND

in Advertising Lineage

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

"After all," said Rupert, "there are other performers."

The last of the longhorns was driven away and a bucking horse shot into the arena. Its rider was a girl and James recalled that his son was also a husband. This rash young person might be Tony's wife. He beheld her endure a jouncing which, he thought, must be highly disturbing to the vital organs, till a cowboy rode alongside and lifted her free. And this humane act, he noted with relief, was the general rule. Each was thus rescued. Not until he recognized Tony himself as the horseman hovering near a girl in tan corduroy was he sure of her.

None of the horses had shown such perverse cunning as hers.

He told Mr. Cartwright that if the skirt did not can that stuff he'd mash his nose.

She had to fight every inch of the way. Twice it attempted to crowd her against the arena wall and twice she escaped by a hair.

THEN, just below the Cartwright box, she was borne again perilously near the barrier. There was an instant of uncertainty, a rasping sound, and Tony, white-faced, had caught her to his saddle and galloped away.

"It's my own precious Pat!" gasped Lady Violet. "Here!"

Rupert wore the look which came to him when opposing counsel sprang a technicality that had coyly eluded his own research.

"Your Pat?"

"That was my cousin, Patricia Lindsay. She lives in the West. I expected to see her out there. To think that she, too—oh, this is priceless!"

James was aware that he had married a resourceful woman, but till now he had underestimated her ability to climb nimbly from a hole.

"But the poor dear must be hurt," she said. "We must go back and see what we can do."

"Rather," said Lady Violet. "Mr. Cartwright will show us the way."

SO Rupert showed the way. He knew that he would miss the climax of the program. While he poked about the musty rear passages the happy crowd would watch the futile efforts of mere men to ride that incomparable bull. But for fifty years Cartwright, Sladen, Cartwright, Murphy & Forbes had served the interests of the Wetherells. His duty was plain.

During their progress he picked up the information that the girl had come to no harm, but he kept it to himself. Let James' springs of pity flow! At the dressing-room threshold he wirelessed Lady Violet. She nodded and drew back. The Wetherells met the first impact of the reunion alone.

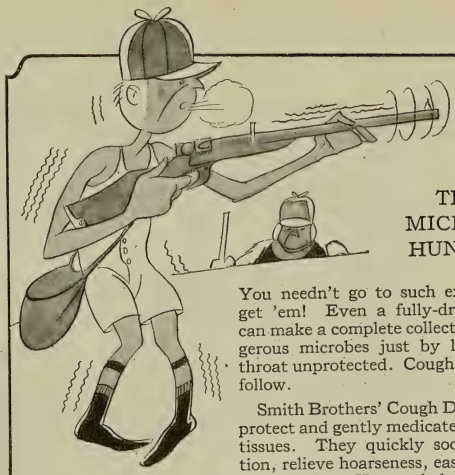
Yet Rupert could not resist a peep through the partly open door.

It showed him Tony and the cow-girl clasped in a paternal embrace. Mrs. James almost looked lonely.

Lady Violet's patrician touch recalled him.

"By the way," she said, "couldn't you arrange a little luncheon for me and Buck Kilgore? I feel that we could do a perfectly rippin' film."

THE END



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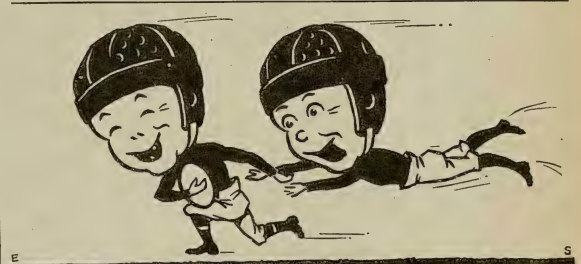

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GREG bending over the tub, helping with the laundry.

A Joyful Reunion

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A STORY *for* CHILDREN

By ALINE KILMER

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF

"CARLOTTA is a-comin' ba-a-ck! Carlotta is a-comin' ba-a-a-ck!" The children shrieked it over at the top of their lungs, running pellmell down the hill, waving a letter. The letter was to me, but there was a postcard sent to all three of them telling the same news.

And how delighted they were! You'd have thought they had never quarrelled with Carlotta, nor been scolded and slapped by her, nor worried the life out of her by their badness.

I was glad, too. Even though I had sometimes wished us a thousand miles apart. Even though the sight of Greg standing on a box and bending solemnly over the washtub helping with the laundry, and Nicky with his legs wide apart and his face screwed up in agony wielding a broom as if it were an oar, and Uncle Bunkle, who had scarcely seen inside a kitchen before, wringing out sheets and hanging them on the line, would have to be given up.

THERE was no doubt about it. Carlotta could do the work it took all of us to do, do it ten times as well, and still have plenty of time left over to scold us and spoil us.

The scene when she reached Buttonwood was tremendous. Too bad Tony was not there, but he had just gone back to school. Pompey was with her; little black Pompey with his moustache just turning gray. He was rather an old dog now, but he carried his plumy tail as jauntily as ever. He jumped out of his basket and made as much noise as ten dogs when he saw Emmy, Nicky, Greg, and Domar.

Carlotta could make almost as much noise as Pompey. What a fuss she made over us all! Over how much the children had grown. Over how brown they were. And how well Gran and Uncle Bunkle and I looked. And over the presents the children had ready for her.

Greg had a bunch of beautiful "pidgwing fezzers" he had found. Nicky had two bullet eggs that had been given him at Billy-Goat Farm. But Emmy had spent a good deal of time on her present; a *framed* bee. She had found the bee dead on a flower. So she took him, flower and all, and framed him neatly between a piece of glass and a square of green cardboard. Of course the poor bee was somewhat squashed before it was over; but he looked very well, considering.

Then Carlotta had to be introduced to the poultry. There were only three of them. We had seen them for sale by the roadside one morning on our way to church. By the time we got home it was decided. Our three youngsters set out with their allowances in their hands, and had returned, each clasping a baby chicken.

Checkerberry, Vernette, and Kimono were their names. They were very small, indeed, and lived in a shoe box by night, and in the dining-room fireplace on rainy days. Emmy had made the fireplace into a handsome estate for them. It looked, Uncle Bunkle said, just like a lion's den.

When Carlotta reached Buttonwood, the scene was tremendous.

CHECKERBERRY belonged to Nicky, Vernette to Emmy, and Kimono to Greg. They had named them themselves, as they named everything.

Checkerberry and Vernette were blonde. Kimono was perfectly black. The three always stayed close together. If one of them became separated from the others, what a crying they all set up!

People say that chickens have almost no sense. But these are people who have never had the happiness of knowing Checkerberry, Vernette, and Kimono. They were only babies, but if human babies had so much sense how grateful their mothers would be! The way they put themselves to bed was marvelous. If their shoe box happened to be where they could not reach it, all three of them would stand on the stone at the kitchen door at sunset, and cry, and cry.

Just like children, though, they would talk softly after they went to bed. Talk until Emmy covered them up with their flannel and scolded them to sleep. And all day long they would follow us around outside like dogs. We were all very fond of them. Even Uncle Bunkle, who had never known any poultry before in a social way, succumbed to them completely.

But when Carlotta met them, though she could not help being charmed by them, you could see that she disapproved. She scowled at the den in the dining-room fireplace, too. And at dinner that night——

"What is *that?*" she demanded, setting down the dessert with a thump, and taking up from the sideboard a bottle half filled with a queer looking mixture.

"Chick-feed and water," I said sheepishly, hanging my head in shame. I'd buy biscuits for the children and they'd feed them to Domar and eat his dog-biscuits instead. Now they had bought "chick starter" for the poultry and were eating it themselves.

"I KNEW," Carlotta grumbled on her way back to the kitchen, "I knew the minute I left this house it would be run over by animals!" This really wasn't fair. She had never been in *this* house before.

"But I wonder what she'd do," I said, "if she knew that George, the Turtle, is loose somewhere in the house? He *can't* be, though. He must have jumped out of a window, or something."

But just then the children ran in with two large pumpkins.

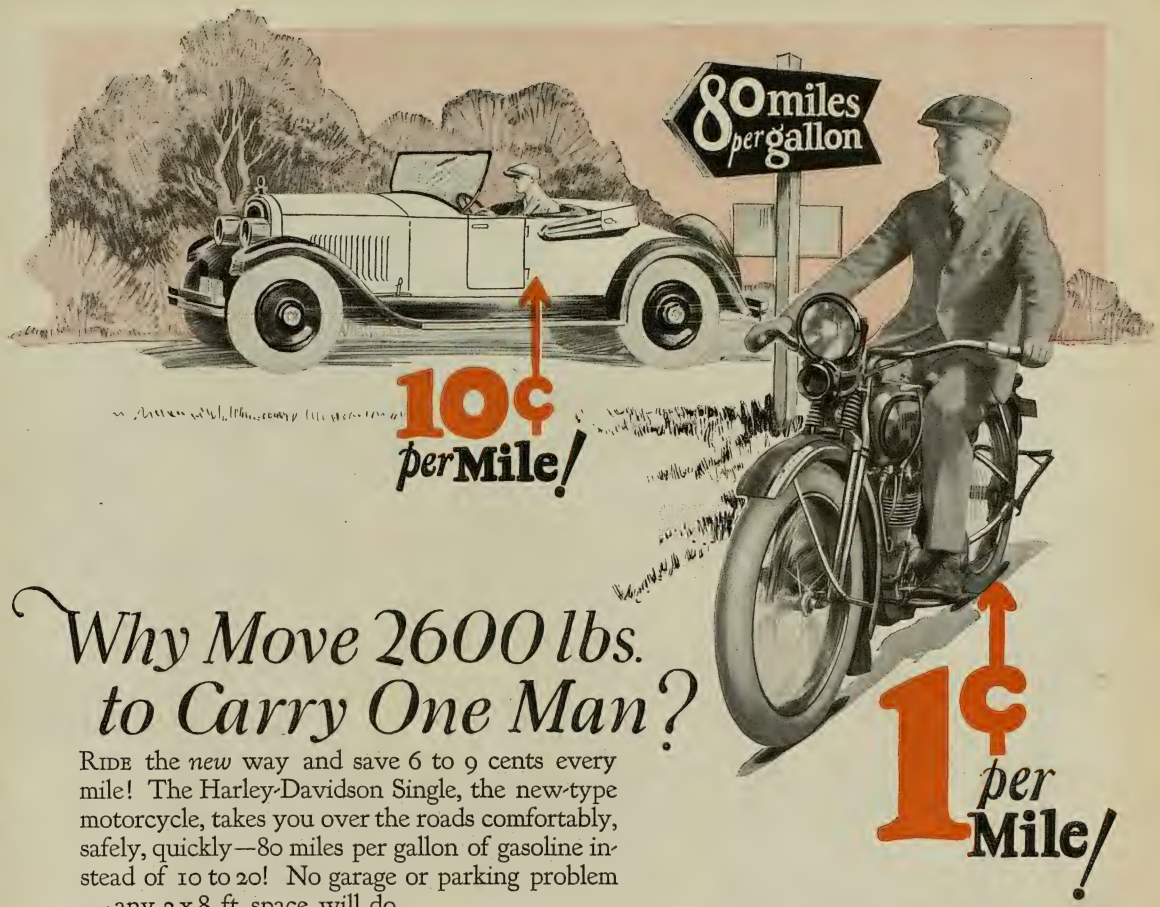
"The Billy Goats gave them to us. *Won't* you let us hollow them out and light them tonight?"

"No," I said firmly, determined to sound like the head of the family. "You may hollow them out if you like, but you must not light them tonight. Wait until Hallowe'en."

They went off, muttering complaints. Half an hour later, when I went to call them for bed, I saw a light in the chicken house. They had been spending too much time up there lately. I started up to get them. But before I had gone three yards a loud shriek from the kitchen stopped me. Carlotta had found George!

Lots of excitement in the offing at Buttonwood. Read about it next week.

A LOUD shriek from the kitchen. Carlotta had found George.



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Say it with Flowers

Making A House a Home

An Article by Grace L. Daggett

Above: A view of the Wards' living-room. The coffee table in the foreground is painted a soft green.

Left: Showing the central lighting fixture for the breakfast-room.

Left: The wall brackets of simple antique brass for the living-room.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The building of LIBERTY'S homes in Bronxville, N. Y., Kansas City, Milwaukee, and Spokane, has been described in detail. With the houses completed, but not ready for occupancy, readers have demanded that we go one step further and let them know how these dwellings will be furnished and decorated. So Miss Grace Daggett, internationally known interior decorator, is telling, in a series of articles, how LIBERTY'S four families transformed mere houses into livable, beautiful homes. This is her second article.

SINCE the real virtue of building your own home is to have it fit the physical requirements of your family, it is obviously necessary to pursue this thought still further in the choice of decorations and furnishings. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ward, whose new home at Kansas City has just passed from the building to the decorating stage, embody this spirit. They are determined to express their idea of just what *home* means to them, in their own characteristic way.

The house was built to eliminate as much work as possible and to simplify the raising of the two little sons of the family. "Light and air are essential to my happiness," was the remark of Mrs. Ward in explaining the many doors and windows of her compact, one-story cottage. Indeed, there is a vista straight through the house, effected by the glass doors connecting the living-room with the attractive breakfast-room, which is to serve all the requirements of the usual dining quarters. It is impossible

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

The unparalleled analyst of crime takes you with him while he unravels a most fascinating mystery.

In Next Week's Liberty

[MAKING A HOUSE A HOME
Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

to think of these rooms apart; even with the connecting doors closed, the flowers of the rear garden will be plainly visible through the large windows of the room beyond.

WHEN the color scheme was to be decided, a warm *café au lait* shade met the family approval and all the walls, ceilings, and woodwork throughout the entire house were finished in this color.

"In the first place, I like a one-tone scheme, and, further, I want my house to look as spacious as possible," explained Mrs. Ward, who has spent many spare moments reading up on decorating, in anticipation of this opportunity to display her knowledge and taste. It was a most fortunate choice, for it enhances the size of the rooms, while keeping them bright and cheery. The finish of the rough-plastered walls is fairly even, making a most agreeable texture.

A touch having strong decorative value is the plaster plaque of Pan and the Dryads, inserted above the fireplace and colored to blend harmoniously with the general scheme. The andirons and fire set are of brass, giving an interesting note of life and color to the simple fireplace, with its tile facing and brass binding.

Mrs. Ward is a firm believer in buying good things from reliable concerns. True to this standard, she went to an old established house for her lighting fixtures. As everybody knows, these are an expensive item in the furnishing budget. Single wall brackets in antiqued English brass, of graceful design, are to be used in the living-room, where there are only four outlets. A center fixture, harmonious in outline, finish, and character, will hang from the breakfast-room ceiling. In the bedrooms, a simple enamel one-light fixture, painted to match the walls, will be used.

"My curtains I shall make myself," said Mrs. Ward, producing a deep cream casement cloth, both sunfast and tubfast, of silk-and-cotton mixture. They will be made to draw, taking the place of shades, and as the windows are narrow, the thirty-six-inch width will work out to advantage. All the living- and breakfast-room windows, as well as the glass doors, will be curtained in this material; but for the sleeping-rooms, a cream-colored dress-linen of rough texture appeals to Mrs. Ward's sense of cleanliness.

"I am going to put my curtains in the tub as often as they need a bath, and these materials will stand plenty of washing," continued Mrs. Ward. She had also borne in mind the uniform appearance of the windows from the exterior, in making these decisions. This is an important point in a detached house, where often the windows are made to look like patches of color with too great a variety of curtain material.

This particular little house has an air of fresh simplicity, most successfully expressing Mrs. Ward's idea in desiring to create a wholesome environment for her children.

This painted set and antique gold mirror will add color to the breakfast-room.

FLOOR coverings are apt to be perplexing problems, but this point was already decided by the recent purchase, for the old house, of one small and two large Anglo-Persian Wilton rugs. These are alike, with a small all-over figured pattern, in soft tones of green-blue and mulberry tints on a tan ground. A narrow border of

black, with colored figures, adds character; this black repeats itself through the center design. Although these rugs are copies of the Orientals, they are cleverly done, and will prove practical in a house where little people are sure to run about and play without restraint. One of these large rugs will be used in the living-room, the other in the master bedroom. The little rug has been assigned to service in the breakfast-room.

In purchasing furniture, it was decided to have almost everything new in the living-room. Of course, the breakfast-room, presenting a new condition, had to any secretary-desk was too strong for Mr. Ward, and this excellent piece of furniture will rest on the only wide wall space in the room. In front of this will be a mahogany desk chair, of old English lines, built for perfect ease. The sofa will stand out in the room, facing the fireplace.

LATER Mrs. Ward expects to have slip covers of gay printed linen, in tones of green and mulberry, for her furniture. "It doesn't look as though I would get away much for some time to come," was her reflection, "and so I would like to have a change of scenery at home." A splendid

Placing the arm-chair on one side of the secretary desk, and the picture and nest of tables on the other, solved a problem in balance.

be completely furnished. The color scheme for these two rooms must necessarily be sympathetic, and the Wards have a strong preference for green; so it was decided to carry this color right through the house in different tones. In the living-room, however, there was not much opportunity for color, except in accent notes.

THE comfortable sofa of straight lines—the first purchase—is well upholstered with down cushions and covered in beige linen velvet, known to decorators as "frizette." An almost invisible stripe, caused by the weave, runs through this material and will enhance its excellent wearing quality. The bottoms of the cushions have been faced with a mulberry and green brocaded fabric, and these can be shown when desired. A comfortable chair was the second selection. Added to this was a large stool, with box cushions, which upon occasion can be fitted to the other piece, thus making a chaise-longue. These pieces are covered like the sofa and were selected primarily for ease and utility.

The built-in bookcase at the right of the mantel will be filled with books of many bindings, and a green pottery vase, for cut flowers from the garden, will grace the top.

The appeal of a brown mahogidea! Most people get tired of their surroundings, more or less, without realizing the cause, and a change of home setting will relieve this monotony.

Beyond the living-room, and very inviting in its arrangement, is the breakfast-room. One wall has been used for well planned cupboards, glassed in above for china. Here the quaint Haviland porcelain of old spring design, dainty and colorful, will add to the decoration and reflect the tone of the furniture. This will be a small set, consisting of a buffet, a table, and four side-chairs, which will slip under the table and save space. These are painted in Adam green, with little medallions of well executed painted flowers. Mrs. Ward was most particular about the decoration and has chosen it with much care.

There is still much to be done in assembling this new home, and within another few weeks we will hear how the Wards have handled the furnishing of the remaining rooms; also what changes, if any, have been made in their arrangements.

In the next article of this series, in an early issue, Miss Daggett will tell how the Davises, of Milwaukee, solved their furnishing and decorating problems. You'll find some charming effects in interior decoration described. Watch for this article.

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permanent model receiver

Rarely does one find beauty and performance all in one radio set.

The latest Bremer Tully creation is primarily a radio set. Its performance excels anything yet released by the B-T Laboratories.

The housewife will instantly appreciate the exquisite beauty and grace of the solid walnut cabinet. The design you'll note is different and exclusively B-T.

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The Tragedy of FAME

How Valentino Made Fortunes for Others, but Little for Himself

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

RUDOLPH VALENTINO and Vilma Banky in The Son of the Sheik.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO is dead. Naturally it isn't easy to comment critically upon his last film effort, The Son of the Sheik. This screen play was the final episode of a tragically futile career. Valentino brought a lot to the screen, but he took little from it save a pathetically fleeting fame.

Death found the lonely sheik of the screen fighting to keep his place on the front pages. Even while he was struggling for life, his critics whispered cynically: "Publicity!"

* * *

I am not sure but that death saved Valentino from a greater tragedy—the forgetfulness of the public. The Valentino vogue had waned. The Son of the Sheik was an effort to revive a past popularity. Oblivion might have been just around the corner.

Frustration stalked Valentino at every turn. At the zenith of his film career, he became involved in legal difficulties with his producers, Famous Players. This forced him to remain off the screen for a long period. Then, at the height of his attempt to win back his old position, came death.

* * *

Valentino migrated to Hollywood from the tango *dansantes*. He hit sudden success with his *Julio* in The Four Horsemen. The puzzled, naive Italian boy was lifted to the heights. He became an international vogue—and lost his head. Valentino's marriages, his affairs of the heart, his embroidered silk bath robes, his slave bracelet became front page gossip.

The Sheik spent his money extravagantly. He purchased an elaborate Beverly Hills home. He bought prize riding horses and imported cars with silver snakes crawling around the hoods. The boy who had polished brass in New York car barns a few years before was tasting life with a lavish gesture.

Perhaps there was a prophetic note in the way the walls of Valentino's Beverly Hills house began to crack and collapse last spring. Valentino called in Hollywood's best builders to save his home, just as he called in the best publicity men to save his career.

THE famous screen idol in his last film role.

* * *

Before his death, Rudy's screen career scared Hollywood and made popularity a bugbear. "Heaven help me from becoming as popular as Valentino," Jack Gilbert told friends.

Filmdom had drawn the inference that the public is a sort of Catherine the Great, quick to love, eager to reward, and happy to forget.

Valentino, however, sacrificed his popularity because he never quite understood.

* * *

Rudolph Valentino violated all the rules of the film game. He married not once but twice. Film fans like their idols unmarried. When Richard Barthelmess recently separated from his wife, his "fan mail" doubled instantly.

Valentino quarreled with his bosses and was banned legally from the screen because of contract difficulties. Then he started his tour on behalf of a beauty mud.

The Sheik had stepped from his pedestal and the public never quite forgave him.

* * *

The star of the Four Horsemen made fortunes for his various employers, but had little when death came, despite the various newspaper reports of the $1,000,000 estate he left. He received $100,000 for making The Son of the Sheik. But what was that sum, checked against litigations and all the expenses of a cinema favorite?

What shall I say of The Son of the Sheik? It would have been his biggest money maker since The Sheik. Now, it is just the epilogue of a frustrated career.

* * *

About current pictures—

The Scarlet Letter: The backgrounds are wrong; Lillian Gish is not Hawthorne's *Hester*.

The Waltz Dream: There is a fine charm to this imported German romance.

Fig Leaves: Weak but possessing a lavish fashion review.

* * *

Do you know that—

Connie Talmadge, now Mrs. Alastair Mackintosh, is back after her honeymoon invasion of London? . . . The Big Parade drew $720,000 at the Astor Theater, New York, in its first thirty-six weeks?

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IDIOCIES of the Radio

One Touch of Vanity Makes the Whole World Sin

An Article by

QUIN A. RYAN

Picture by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

WHO ordained that the maestro of the bedtime period should be "Uncle"?

EDITOR'S NOTE—Quin A. Ryan is one of the best known radio announcers in the country. His voice is heard regularly over both WGN, the *Tribune* station in Chicago, and WLIB, operated by LIBERTY, also in Chicago. In this amusing skit he writes from the viewpoint of the radio fan, and does not hesitate to lay a chastening rod on the bores of his own fraternity.

HOW would it be if we all sat down and beefed about the radio? Just to get a few gingery grouches off our chests. Let's consider the idiocies of radio.

Everybody who owns a radio set knows those idiotic phrases and habits of the broadcasters, and everybody who doesn't own a radio set knows them, too, because they are the reason he doesn't.

You know them—complimentary telegrams, dedication of musical selections to individual listeners, the uncles of the bedtime stories, announcing the announcer's initials—and so on. And they wouldn't seem so idiotic if every newcomer in the business didn't imitate all the others.

Only a stone's throw back in years, when radio meant merely a pile of motley hardware that cluttered up the parlor and with which we could actually hear a human voice or piano solo through our walls, these practices and mannerisms were excusable, like the train announcer's adenoids.

Now, with the cacophonic Chautauqua grown to the girth of a leading industry, and almost demanding a separate seat in the President's Cabinet, the listeners beg of radio to cease its medicine-show antics.

Reading telegrams is a lame station's way of artificially swelling its daily total of applause messages. A telegram can entertain only one listener or one family of listeners, while it bores 99,999 others.

A hundred telegrams can be read in the course of an hour. Three hundred telegrams, therefore, can be read in an average three-hour evening on the air, and three hundred people can be heartily entertained.

If you know what it costs a radio station to operate for three hours, you would surmise that the owners could entertain these three hundred citizens more lavishly and more economically if they took them all to the theater for the evening.

Vanity of vanities! All is vanity.

It was for this that the physicists and electrical engineers have labored for centuries!

A twin of the telegram is the dedication of musical offerings:

"Heinrich Halltree is going to sing for you Always. This number is dedicated to one of our listeners, Mrs. Humpty-Dumpty of Lebanon, who requested it."

If the nightly dedicatory services are not soon stopped, they are going to beset us on all sides:

The street-car conductor: "We are going to stop this car at the next corner for Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Balloon of 736 Almond Avenue. If any of our other passengers have any requests, we shall be glad to fill them. Our next stop will be dedicated to Vernon Varnish, who wants to get off."

The usher in the theater: "Well, folks, I am now finding two seats, Left, C 4 and 5, for Mr. and Mrs. Paul Garage of 259 Winona Avenue."

The bridge tender: "The next time a boat goes through we will open the bridge for Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Pinn of Pike's Peak and Philip Piano of East Orange. Hope you like it!"

And, oh, who was the dolt who ordained that the jack-in-the-box maestro of the bedtime period should be *Uncle?* Around the whole circumference of the radio dials we find them—Uncle WUK, Uncle Enoch, Uncle Goo-Goo; and the Hanky-Panky Man, the Ducky-Lucky Man, and the Tiddley Winks Man. The names alone present to the child listener a grotesque silliness akin to that of the street-corner Santa Claus.

Lucky for Joel Chandler Harris, Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley, and L. Frank Baum that they antedated the radio, or we might be reverencing them now as Uncle Bosco or Uncle WBFU!

One other sin on the heads of the bedtime boys is the propagation of the word kiddies. To best appreciate the sin of replacing the charming word, children, you have only to say *kiddies* over a few times to yourself.

Or let Longfellow say it:

> Between the dark and the daylight,
> When the night is beginning to lower,
> Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
> That is known as the *kiddies'* hour.

Then there is that radio oddity, the matter of announcers fatuously proclaiming their identity with their initials, generally backwards. Why? Don't ask us; write your Congressman.

Our next grouch has for its topic the inane phraseology of announcer's bally-hoos.

Someone has proposed broadcasting the daily doings of Congress. Can't you imagine it, in radio vernacular:

President of the Senate: "Hello, folks, this is Gavel speaking. You have just heard—er—you are still listening—er—you are now listening to the old hotsy-totsy United States Senate, entertaining you from Washington, Dee Cee, yes-sir! The voice of the rivers and harbors!

"We're next going to hear a little duet between Senator William P. Norah, the cactus-voiced boy from Arizona, and Senator Charles H. Speed, the senior baritone from Ohio, both exclusive artists of this station, and appearing through the courtesy of the *Congressional Record.*

"Have you joined the garden seed club yet?"

THE END

ECONOMIZE
WITH rather than
WITHOUT

By
ETHEL SOMERS

GIVEN plenty of money, the average woman may easily furnish her family with good food and home comforts. But when the purse strings pinch, the task becomes most difficult. Hence the very urgent clamor from the reading public for information on economy. Economizing on food, unless done with skill and wisdom, is really a dangerous business.

Fuel economy, on the other hand, is easy as well as important. It enables the housewife to economize in the doing rather than in the doing without. Important savings may be made through proper use and manipulation of the cooking medium. Large and high flames are gas consumers, food wasters, and flavor destroyers.

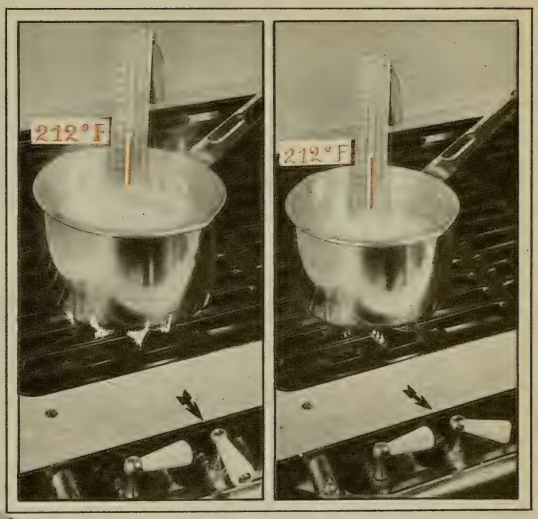
The correct gas flame results from clean burners (boiling occasionally in a strong washing soda or lye solution, and rinsing and drying before using, insure a clean, hot flame), proper intake of air, and careful regulation of the height of the flame. Such a flame consists of blue cones with purplish edges, each tapering to a sharp, fine point. Your gas burner should light easily, turn off quietly, and not pop.

COOKING economies are best accomplished by using a low flame. Since no liquid ever gets any hotter than its boiling temperature, to maintain a flame any higher than that required to continue the gentle bubbling is wasteful. The simmer burner is another important aid to economy. It burns far less gas than the other burners and has many uses.

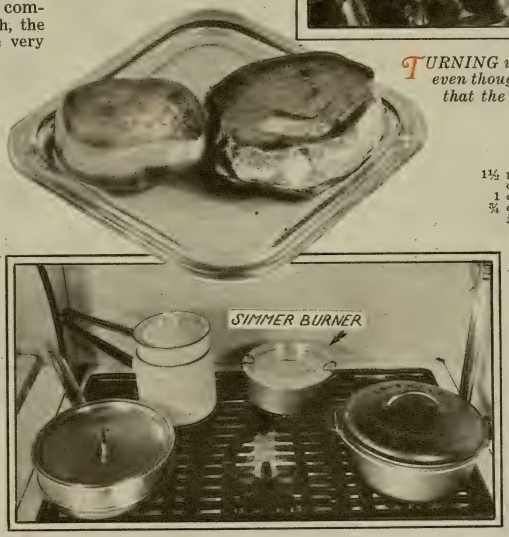
All of the tests as pictured and tried in LIBERTY'S experimental kitchen, produce a tender juicy Swiss Steak. The double-boiler test cannot be said to be economical of fuel, though it is a safe method for cooking a stew or Swiss Steak if one is to be absent during the period of cooking. This method uses more gas, for it requires a longer cooking; but if plenty of water is put in the lower part, the product may be cooked safely for a long period without watching.

The type of utensils selected for surface burner cooking is also very important. Gas-saving utensils may be rather generally described as having large bases, broader than the gas flame, and tightly fitting covers—the tighter the better. Repeated removal of the cover is the real reason "The watched pot never boils."

Oven cooking and surface burner cookery may be extravagant or economical. Oven-planned meals, where the vegetable and dessert as well as the roast are oven cooked at the same time, utilize oven heat to advantage. Plan your cooking and baking by the week if you would save fuel cost.



TURNING up the flame does not speed up cooking, even though double the gas is being burned. Note that the 212° F. temperature remains constant despite violent boiling.



REAL economy may be achieved by keeping gas burners clean; turning gas low, once boiling has started; using simmer burner, and seeing that utensils are tightly covered. Above: Potatoes cooked at a gentle boil remain intact, while those boiled ferociously cook to pieces.

Swiss Steak

1½ pounds round steak cut 1½ inches thick	¾ teaspoon salt
1 cup flour	3 tablespoons fat
¾ cup water or tomato juice	1 small onion, chopped fine
	3 cups tomatoes

POUND the flour into the meat—first on one side, then on the other—using a heavy saucer, or the instrument sold for this purpose. Put the fat in a frying pan and when it is hot, brown the floured steak thoroughly on both sides. Sprinkle the salt over the meat. Add the water, tomatoes, and onions. Because of the presence of acid tomatoes, do not cook in an iron frying pan. Cover and simmer until the meat is tender—about two hours. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

Hominy Croquettes Served with Cheese Sauce

1 cup pearl hominy	1 tablespoon butter
4 cups water	2 teaspoons salt
1 tablespoon flour	1 cup bread crumbs
2 eggs	

COOK the hominy in water very slowly until tender. Make a white sauce of the butter, flour, milk, and salt and pour slowly over one beaten egg. Mix this with the hominy and add bread crumbs sufficient to form into croquettes. Beat the other egg and add two tablespoons milk or water. Dip the croquettes first into a few of the bread crumbs saved for this purpose, then into the beaten egg, and again into the bread crumbs. Brush the croquettes with milk. Place in a buttered pan and bake in a hot oven until nicely browned, or they may be cooked in deep fat.

Cheese Sauce

1 cup milk	½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter	¼ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons flour	¼ cup grated cheese

MELT the butter and remove it from the fire. Add the flour and seasonings and mix thoroughly. Gradually add the milk, stirring until a smooth paste is formed after each addition. Heat and stir constantly until the desired consistency is reached. Add cheese, then cook over water for ten to fifteen minutes.

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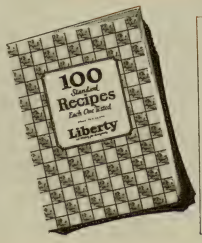

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SHE'LL thank you in after years if you teach her now the way to healthy, happy teeth. And you can't afford to let her take chances, for her beauty, her health and her mental development, all depend so much on her teeth.

Teach her the simplest, yet most effective beauty secret in the world . . . Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Colgate's is the modern way to protect the charm of beautiful teeth. It makes them flash white and lovely when you talk or smile. It brings out all their natural beauty. But more important . . . it will help to keep your teeth and gums healthy, for Colgate's foams into every hard-to-get-at place between the teeth and under the edges of the gums.

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Large tubes, 25c.

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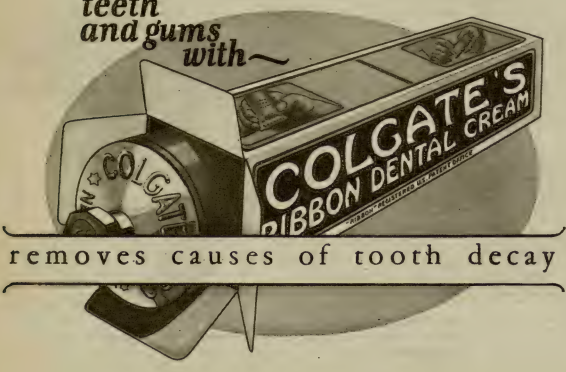
protect your teeth and gums with—



removes causes of tooth decay

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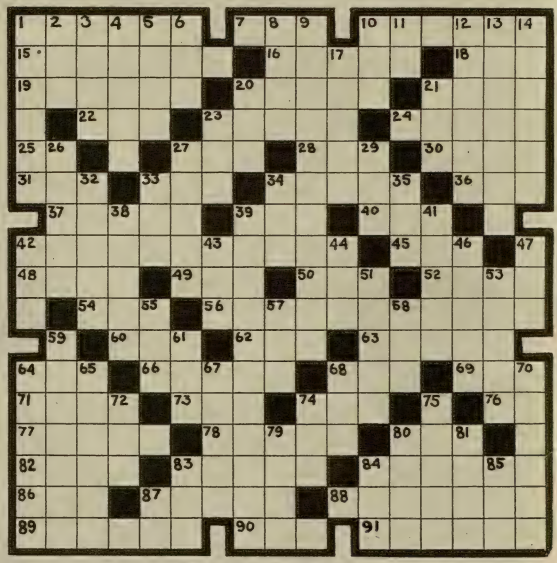
WHY don't some of you fans turn the tables on us? We've done our best to puzzle you—now make us a puzzle, and earn money at the same time. LIBERTY will pay $25 each week for an original puzzle by one of its readers. A prize-winner is printed below. Be sure none of your words is obsolete or technical. LIBERTY cannot return any puzzles not accepted for publication. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Cross-Word Puzzle No. 5
BY MARION E. PRESTON
Utica, N. Y.

HORIZONTAL

1 Blanket or shawl worn by Spanish Americans
7 A pouch
10 A kind of hemp
15 Cowards
16 A nut
18 To desert one's party
19 Unqualified
20 Inflamed
21 A rhymester
22 Corrode
23 Unsuccessful contestant
24 A species or category (Fr.)
25 A measure of type
27 To move from side to side
28 The rank and file of a military unit
30 Saturates
31 To soak up
33 Small, compact mass
34 A city in Poland
36 To expose to moisture
37 A worker in stone
39 A piece of ordnance
40 A beverage
42 Word or sentence used by way of comment
45 A poem
48 Notion
49 A sol-fa note
50 A primate
52 Difference in favor of one as against another
54 Thirsty
56 Polite attention to ladies
60 A Japanese coin
62 It is (abbr.)
63 Beef fat (plural)
64 Jewish teacher
66 Turgid
68 Merriment
69 Firmament
71 Newspaper paragraph
73 Japanese measure of area
74 Hasten
76 Therefore
77 Jeopardy
78 Urchin
80 One of a Philippine tribe
82 Verbal
83 Carried
84 Footless
86 A collection or group
87 Unaccompanied sacred vocal composition
88 A recluse
89 A trembling
90 Evil resort
91 Nailed into an open case

VERTICAL

1 Stage settings
2 A bird of prey
3 Classification
4 Pertaining to birds
5 Officious
6 A compass point
8 Egyptian sacred bull
9 Rituals
10 Rabid
11 One
12 One who smooths out
13 Character in Shakespeare's Hamlet
14 Witness
17 Roman goddess of growing vegetation
20 Mental confusion
21 Church seat
23 Youth
26 Rover
27 Necessities
29 A trap
32 Peeled
33 Succeeded
34 Matter
35 New (prefix)
38 Burns
39 Turned to a jelly
41 Worship
42 To live like pigs
43 Swine
44 Locality containing mineral springs
46 Amends and revises
47 A dolt
51 To result as a natural consequence
53 Articles of furniture
55 Although
57 Cover
58 A cask
59 Purveyor of food
61 Egyptian goddess
64 Repartee (var.)
65 To chide vehemently
67 The Barbary ape
68 Winglike part of a fish
70 Warbled (var.)
72 Unit of measure of wire
74 Shielded from view
75 A minute orifice in a leaf
79 Apportion
80 Imitator
81 Opening in a mine
83 Rocky pinnacle
84 Portion of a curved line
85 Consumed
87 The Iron Mountain State (abbr.)

L	E	N	A	A	O	R	I	S	T	S	P	E	W	
E	B	O	N	W	R	I	T	H	E	P	A	R	E	
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C	O	Y	P	U	G	E	E	S	L	A	Y	E	R	
A	R	T	R	Y	T	A	W	P	O	R	C	E		
R	I	D	S	A	W	R	A	Y	S	I	L	O		
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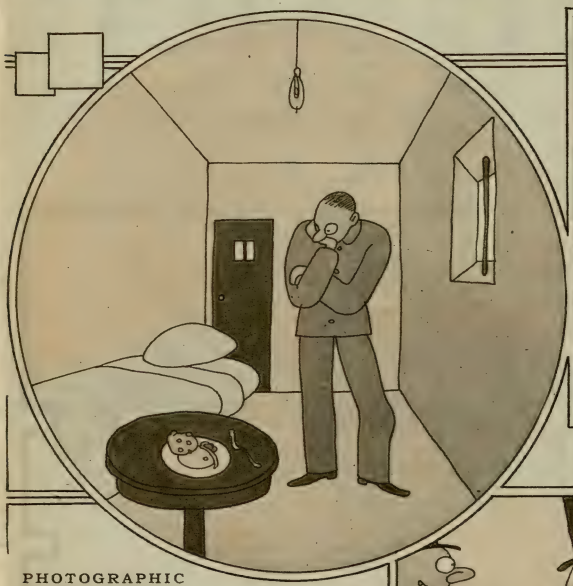
Answer to Puzzle No. 4

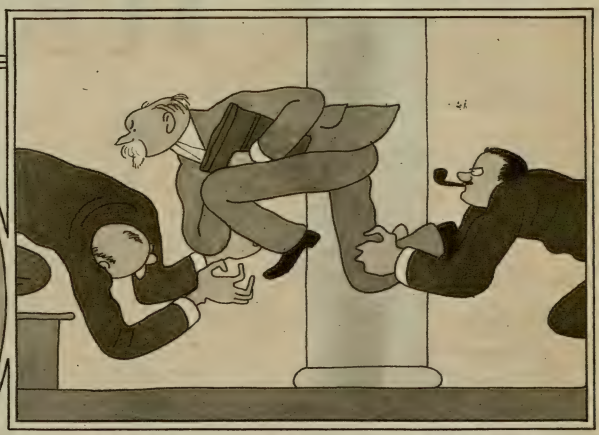
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

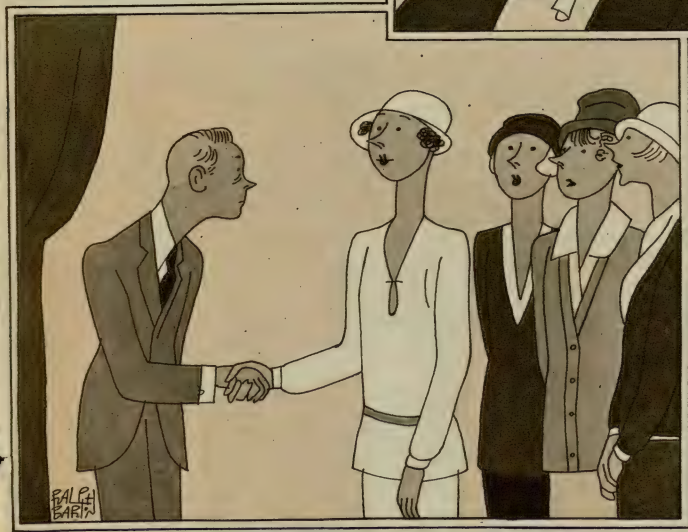


PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE OF UNNECESSARY CRUELTY at the Mansook Home for the Insane: A statistician's cell for solitary confinement in which there is only one of each object.



JOLLY GAME TAKES PLACE OF POLITICS IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES. Raymond Poincare making a three-meter gain with the Finance Portfolio as he fights off Herriot's tackle.

REFORMERS FROM ALL BRANCHES OF REFORM flock to the Anti-Cigarette League, eager to aid in a fight against something that the people really like, as an increase in cigarette smoking of 200 per cent is announced.



H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES takes an afternoon off to be presented to 500 American girls, to whom he is reported to be secretly engaged.

RETURN HOME OF AN AMERICAN TOURIST who complained a good deal about being cheated out of small amounts in European cities.

The GIRL Men

A Beauty Turns from Many Loves to One

A Serial

By ELMER DAVIS

Pictures by LESTER RALPH

ON her way to meet her future husband, Doris Kaye was arrested and was hustled off to the Boston police station! She had been visiting her friends, the Rodneys, in Magnolia, and had got a wire from Arthur Fox, her fiance, begging her to meet him in New York, marry him, and sail for East Africa. She had started, but, in the Boston railway station, had picked up the wrong suitcase by mistake—one that held not only thousands of dollars' worth of heroin, but a youthful photograph of herself!

She had no way of knowing that Harry Hart, a taxi driver to whom the suitcase belonged, had been smitten with her in her teens, and had bought that photograph. Things were looking black for her when Steve Lamar, whom she had run across in Magnolia, sauntered in, displaying a Department of Justice badge. He identified Doris and bore her off to the New York train. But Blalock, Chief of Inspectors, was still darkly suspicious.

Men had a habit of falling for Doris. Steve fell hard and proposed on the sleeper, but she was determined to marry Arthur. However, she didn't marry him. She slapped his face instead!

In the Hotel Kenroy lobby he had shown her a newspaper account of Keith Lancefield's divorce. All Doris' world knew she had loved Keith for ten years. Arthur declared she was willing to marry him only because Keith was broke! So exit Arthur, slapped, and enter Keith Lancefield, who took Doris to a beach and proposed.

She had just accepted him when Harry Hart, the dope seller, appeared, and addressed Keith as "Chief." So Keith, the adored, was making dirty money!

That evening, when Steve Lamar took Doris out to dinner, she confessed to him that her idol had fallen from his pedestal.

PART SEVEN

"I SHOULDN'T bore you with my troubles," Doris said, pulling herself together. But Steve couldn't meet her mood; he was still shaken.

"It's the biggest compliment you could pay me. . . . Doris, you said 'no sentiment' tonight; but if you—if it would do you any good to marry me——"

"Haven't you got over that yet? Oh, you *are* irresponsible."

"I know it's no time to talk about it, when this—this other affair has just gone overboard. But you do like me a little——"

"Of course I like you. But I don't know you. Today I've quarreled with two men I thought I knew through and through—because I found out I didn't know them at all. . . . No, Steve, let me be the Unrealized Ideal—the girl you don't forget—the girl who looks perfect in retrospect, because you never had a chance to find her out. Every man needs one, if only to take the strain off his wife."

"Oh, I've had my Unrealized Ideal," he told her. "Want to see her?"

He took something from his pocket and tossed it across the table—a snapshot of a slim girl on a springboard, a girl in a bathing suit with knee skirts and long black silk stockings. The dashing Miss Kaye.

"Ah!" she said. "Another relic of Bill Claflin. My pictures must be spread over the country like a Presidential candidate's. . . . But you don't mean to say you've been carrying this around for ten years?"

"No," he confessed. "I found it in a drawer full of old letters last winter. . . . For, naturally, there have been other women, in these ten years."

She knew there must have been, of course; but she didn't like it.

"None of them happened to marry me," he resumed, "but—more than once they made me think about Doris Kaye, and how different things might have been if I hadn't missed meeting her back in 1915. . . . Want the picture?"

She shook her head. He tore it up and tossed the fragments away.

"Nor I. . . . The girl I want isn't the Doris of ten years ago. That girl has been my Unrealized Ideal—perfect, because I never had a chance to find her out. And I rather suspect she's your Unrealized Ideal too—the Doris that might have been if things hadn't happened."

"You understand too much," she remarked bitterly.

"But she isn't the girl I want," he went on. "The girl I want will find me out, and I'll find her out; and neither of us is going to look perfect under the microscope. But that doesn't make any difference. I want her—the Doris that kissed me on the train last night, and meant it."

"You might get her," she conceded, "if—if it had only been Arthur. But I can't trust anybody now. . . . It wouldn't be fair to you, anyway. Nobody but Keith could ever be more than second best. I'd always remember him as he used to be—the best on earth——"

"Your Unrealized Ideal? Well, every woman needs one too. But we're both grown up—old enough not to expect more than there is. I want you, even though I'm only second best to Lancefield; even though you won't turn out to be anywhere near so glittering as the dashing Miss Kaye I used to hear about ten years ago."

She pondered wearily, then shook her head. "Marriage doesn't seem to attract me at the moment. I'm going to be a governess, in a small but opulent Long Island family. . . . No, no, don't argue. That is—not till next Thursday. Let's dance one more and go home."

THEIR last dance was a perfect exhibition of impersonal virtuosity, and he seemed quite cooled off as their taxi started back to the hotel.

"I don't want to annoy you," he observed, "but if you're free tomorrow evening—you ought to sleep most of the day, you know——"

"I know it. We'll see about tomorrow evening. I don't quite know where I am just now, you see. Perhaps, next week——"

"I may be busy next week," he warned her.

"I thought you were never busy."

He chuckled, but not happily.

"I wasn't, till I met you. But now I'll have to go to work."

Go to work, he was thinking, to untangle these threads that had tied Doris up with the ugliest of crime; to find out why Blalock suspected her, to get her clear at last. . . . But of course she couldn't know that.

"Why do you have to go to work?" she demanded.

"Oh—to make some money."

"I thought you had money."

"My father got on the wrong side of the market during the war. I have a little left; but I—I hope to need more."

"Don't talk about it," said Doris dully, for it was the need of money that had driven Lancefield into the narcotic trade. So, after all, their evening ended cheerlessly.

SILENT, worn out, they came into the lobby of the Kenroy—and as Doris turned at the desk to tell Steve good night, the long nose of Mr. Blalock thrust itself out from the manager's office, his pale eyes burning behind the shell-rimmed spectacles.

"Ah, Mr. Lamar, we meet again. I'd like to have a little talk with you, if you can spare the time."

Limp and weary as she was, Doris tingled with apprehension as she stared from one to the other. Something was wrong.

"Delighted," said Steve genially. "Come and lunch with me at the Biltmore tomorrow."

"I want you *now*," Blalock snapped. "Kindly give me your shield. I have verbal authority from the Chief of the Bureau to take charge of it; his written demand will reach you tomorrow. I don't suppose your behavior can technically be regarded as impersonating an officer, but——"

"It certainly can't, so long as I am an officer."

"I believe arrest automatically suspends you."

"Am I arrested? What for?"

"Yes, what for?" Doris echoed. "For getting me out of Boston? But he didn't mean any harm in that——"

Blalock suppressed a smile and she realized she had told him something he didn't know. But he assured her soothingly:

"No, no, Miss Kaye. That matter is closed."

"Closed? Then why are your detectives shadowing me?"

"They aren't."

"But I've been told by—by——"

He smiled.

"Your friends may have had their own motives for misinforming you. Mr. Lamar is not under arrest at the moment, but we want to question him about his connection with a conspiracy to smuggle drugs——"

"Oh, no!" she cried.

Don't Forget

"I WANT you now," Blalock snapped. "Kindly give me your shield."

"Mr. Lamar has been on Cape Ann—watching for smuggled drugs, he tells us——"

Steve shut him off with an easy gesture.

"I didn't like to tell you the truth. But—you know, the President is at Swampscott; and while protecting him is the business of the Secret Service, our organization always has a few men within call——"

Doris choked; at last Steve had been tangled up in his own ropes. For Blalock was smiling like the Grand Inquisitor who has trapped his heretic.

"I hardly see how a man on Cape Ann could be much protection to the President at Swampscott," he observed. "But at any rate the Attorney General himself tells me that you're only a dollar-a-year man; that you've never done any work for the Department. . . . And somebody has been misleading the Federal services with stories of drugs smuggled in on Cape Ann, where we know no drugs are landed—getting the Coast Guard out of the way of the real landings——"

"Steve!" she cried in hysterical panic. "You too?"

"You don't believe it?" he asked her, smiling rather acridly.

Her head buzzed. He had told one lie after another, discarding each as soon as it was found out. She didn't know anything about him, except from his own lies. He had said he would be busy this week, trying to make money—Oh, if even Keith had given way, who could be trusted?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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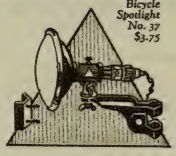

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[THE GIRL MEN DON'T FORGET
Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

"I believe anything now," she said wearily. His eyes burned into hers for a moment—then, with a shrug and a laugh, he went out with Blalock.

Five minutes later, in her room, she was calling a telephone number.

"Caribbean Club?" she said presently. "I want to speak to Mr. Lancefield. . . . Yes, I know it's four o'clock in the morning; but this is urgent."

Presently his drowsy voice responded.

"This is Doris, Keith. Will you come in to see me this afternoon?"

"Of course. . . . You—you mean you can forgive me?"

"That's hardly the word," she told him. "It's rather—Oh, if everybody's crooked I might as well stick to the crook I know."

II

He came at half-past two, when she was just finishing breakfast. Meditation over her coffee had only confirmed her dull conviction that when you had given away the ten best years you were tied up, for better or worse.

"Come up to the room," she told him.

"Oh, I don't think I'd better."

"Good heavens, why the scruples? I don't want to talk in the lounge, and I'm too tired to go out; and this hotel has so low an opinion of me already that I can't sink much deeper. Besides, you and I are nobody to worry about our reputations, considering the business we're in."

"You're not in it!" he said fiercely.

"No? We'll talk about that when you come up."

At the door she kissed him, but not avidly—rather as she might have kissed an erring husband, returning to be forgiven because it seemed the least undesirable thing to do. He wanted to be ardent, but she put him off.

"No, no, Keith. Let's get things talked out."

So he sat on the broad sill of the open window, smoking, while Doris reclined wearily on the chaise-longue.

"Is it—is it all right?" he asked hesitantly.

"Very far from all right. But I'll marry you, if that's what you mean."

"Thank God! Doris, I—I can't tell you——"

"Don't try," she said with something very near disgust. "I'm sick of alibis. I'm going to marry you because I feel as if, when I've built everything around you for ten years, I'm married already; for better or worse. . . . So let's get it over with. Today—no, it's Sunday: I suppose we couldn't get a license. Tomorrow, then——"

"Not this week," he said, with something of his old confident assurance. "Not till I'm out of this business and can come to you clean."

"Clean? With that money? . . . Oh, Keith, pay what you owe and then let's give the rest of it away—to hospitals or fresh-air camps or something."

"All right. I'd rather, myself." She knew he would—now that she had prodded him.

"One thing more," said Doris, with decision. "When, exactly, do you get out? And what, exactly, do you still have to do?"

He shifted uneasily; plainly the thought of it annoyed him. But she was insistent.

"I'm supposed to throw dust in the eyes of the Coast Guard," he explained. "Tell them a story about a landing near Tiana Bay. Something will be arranged as a blind, I believe—somebody lands a case or two of whisky there, and gives bail, and jumps it. Meanwhile the real landing takes place on Fire Island. When that stuff is brought to town I'm through."

"When does it happen?"

"Thursday night. It isn't quite settled yet."

"All right," said Doris. "What you do this week, I do with you. I'm in this too."

"What? You can't be."

"Why not? Criminals sometimes trust their girls, don't they? . . . What do you have to do besides fooling the Coast Guard? Help distribute the stuff, or anything?"

"The distribution's out of my hands. But I have to see it landed."

"All right. I'll be with you: I'll see it landed too."

"You will not! I won't let you."

"YES, you will." Doris knew now that she was stronger than he. If only she had known that ten years ago, how much time they might have saved—but it was too late to think about that. "Yes, you will—if you're going to marry me. 'Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God.'"

"But you mustn't, Doris. These are gunmen—dangerous men."

"Dangerous to you?"

"Well, not exactly. But—this is a suspicious business. They don't trust me, altogether." She wondered if the sneer she felt showed in her face, for he added hastily: "Not that I blame them—I've played in with both sides, and they want to be sure I'm not double crossing them. So practically I have to be there as proof of my good faith—proof I really did mislead the Coast Guard. This Harry Hart—yes, he's the real master mind—wouldn't trust anybody."

"He might trust me," said Doris. "And certainly it would prove your good faith if you took me down there with you."

"I can't let you run the risk—"

"If you run any risk I'll run it too. If I'm going to marry a man who's got this on his soul, I must be in it as deep as he is. Then, when it's all over and we're out of it, I'll feel as if we have a clean start—as clean as we can have now."

HE clung to her desperately while she caressed his hair.

"Why," he said, almost laughing, "you do sound married."

"It is funny, isn't it?" she agreed. "Funny that I should have taken this thing so seriously for ten years. . . . But I did, and what's done can't be undone. . . . Tell me, Keith—is Steve Lamar in this?"

"Steve Lamar? Why, he's in the Department of Justice. He came and talked to me about dope smugglers yesterday morning."

"My God!" Doris shuddered. Could he have suspected after all? "But he was arrested this morning—for giving false leads about the dope business."

"TELL me about it," he commanded, with his old brusque alertness. She told him—the whole story, from the float and the South Station on—except, of course, that she left out the sentimental passages.

"No, I can't understand that," he said, at last. "He isn't in this outfit I'm with, that's certain. Possibly some other crowd, of course—You can't tell. . . . But do you mean to say Blalock is still having you shadowed? That's an outrage. I'll tell him——"

"You?"

He flushed.

"I—I think my reputation is still good for something, Doris. And if it's good for anything at all, it ought to free you from this annoyance."

"Let it go," she said wearily. "I don't care. . . . At least, let it go till you're out and can't get yourself into trouble. And, Keith, I don't think it's safe for you to see much of me till then."

He gazed at her.

"Why not? He hasn't any reason to suspect me."

"No; but apparently he still suspects me, and any man who's with me much. I don't suppose Steve Lamar would have got into trouble if he hadn't been trying to get me out. Oh, Keith, I feel like a typhoid carrier. I seem to bring trouble to everybody. It isn't safe to come near me."

"No?" Smiling, he knelt beside the chaise-longue and put his arms about her.

Wearily she put them away.

"I don't feel sentimental just now," she told him. "Give me—give me time to get over the—the shock. And—don't try to see me often, will you, till this is cleared up. Only promise to tell me everything you're going to do—let me be in on it——"

"I promise." She knew he meant it; he had the crestfallen earnestness of a punished child. She leaned forward and kissed him.

"Never mind, Keith dear. We've got a good deal to forget; but we can forget it."

He clung to her desperately while she caressed his hair—and the telephone rang. Ruefully smiling, she disengaged herself and answered.

"Mr. and Mrs. Rodney calling."

III

THEY gaped, dumbfounded, on the threshold as Doris met them, her hand slipped through Lancefield's arm.

"Married?" Mary asked, when she had regained her voice.

"Not yet, but before the end of the week."

"Ah!" Sam exploded in agonized relief. "Then everything's all right at last." He kissed her; Mary kissed her. Mary even kissed Lancefield. But Doris knew, from something in the back of her friend's eyes, that Mary wasn't sure everything was all right.

And, as they explained, Doris began to suspect why Mary was still dissatisfied. She and Sam had rushed down to rescue her when the newspaper stories and the news that she hadn't sailed had convinced them that Doris was in trouble; they had rushed down to rescue her and had found that apparently Lancefield had rescued her. To Sam, with his romantic ideas about first best and second best, that seemed the perfect solution. But Mary didn't like Lancefield—she, too, knew he could have got that divorce years ago, if he had tried hard enough. And, above all, Mary wanted to do the rescuing herself.

DORIS didn't like that, despite the affection it implied. For it was part of the later tradition that was replacing the legend of the dashing Miss Kaye—the tradition of poor Doris, who had to be taken care of somehow. Not very flattering—especially since Doris herself was partly to blame for it. Hereafter she would do her own rescuing—if she could.

"But do you mean to say," Sam exploded eventually, "that the police are still annoying you? Where can I find Blalock? He knows me. I'll tell him. Come on, Lancefield."

"Oh, don't bother about it," Doris began; but it was evident he meant to. "Anyway," she added, "you don't know him, do you, Keith?"

"Suppose he doesn't know him," Sam demanded. "Everybody knows who Keith

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GIRL MEN DON'T FORGET
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Lancefield is; and, above all, he's the big authority on dope smugglers. If he and I can't show Mr. Blalock the error of his ways——"

Doris shivered. It was all too plausible. Lancefield, engaged to her, couldn't very well keep out of it. . . . But, after all, Blalock had no reason to suspect him.

"Of course Keith will go," said Mary. "I want to stay here and talk to Doris. Then when you two have settled with Mr. Blalock, we can all go somewhere for dinner."

"Certainly," said Sam, clapping on his hat. "Come, Lancefield——"

The door closed behind them; and Mary, sunk in an armchair in the corner, looked sharply at Doris.

"Well!" she said. "So everything's all right at last, is it? . . . Why are you going to marry Keith?"

"Why not? Because I want to, of course."

"You don't look as if you want to," said Mary. "I know you. You look as if you're marrying him out of pure stubbornness—just to show yourself you haven't wasted ten years. . . . Doris, he's different. He's old."

"*You* don't have to marry him!" Doris declared. "You don't want me to marry anybody. You argued and argued about Arthur——"

"And wasn't I right?"

"Yes," Doris conceded reluctantly. "But I—I love Keith."

"DO you? You haven't seen him for years; and absence doesn't make the heart grow fonder, when you're grown up. . . . Don't try to light a fire that's gone out, Doris. Take your loss and start again."

"Yes, but I—" Doris was beginning, when the telephone rang.

"Hello?" said Doris uneasily. Every bell scared her now.

"This is Steve," came a drawling voice. "Mr. Blalock is at last convinced that I'm not a dope smuggler. May I try to convince you?"

"You don't have to," she said shakily. "I—I knew better, when I'd thought it over. But are you really cleared?"

"Absolutely. They had an Important Personage up from Washington, who persuaded them that I couldn't betray any government secrets because I'd never known any. My statesmanlike front was pretty well perforated, but at least I'm not in jail. . . . Well? Can you come down?"

Doris remembered that he didn't know she had changed her mind about Keith.

"Are you in the hotel?" she asked. "Yes, I'll come down." She hung up and turned to Mary. "Mind waiting five minutes?"

"I certainly do. Sam would never forgive me if I let you get out of my sight until Keith comes back. You might pick up the wrong suitcase again." Doris felt that the suspicion was not unwarranted. "Going to meet somebody downstairs? All right; I'll linger just out of earshot, like a duenna, and see that nothing happens to you."

Steve was waiting at the elevator, leaning on his stick with a shamefaced grin. Mary slipped away, to watch them curiously as they sat down in the lounge—the man elated, the girl nervous and depressed.

"Please don't tell any more fictions," Doris begged him. "They've done you enough harm, and me, too. . . . Oh, I don't suppose you can ever forgive me for suspecting you last night, but when you can't trust anybody——"

"That's all right—if you trust me now." Her gray eyes met his.

"Yes. . . . I don't know anything about you, even yet; but I trust you. . . . But it's too late. I'm going to marry Keith Lancefield, after all."

His eyes smoldered in a hard set face. She wondered how she could ever have thought him irresponsible.

"What's the idea?" he asked softly. "Found you could forgive him?"

"I've found that forgiveness is beside the point. Keith is going to—to turn over a new leaf, but that's beside the point too. It's just that—that I belong with him, whether I like it or not."

"Because he needs you? I believe that was what you said you wanted."

"Did I? He needs me, yes—but that isn't enough. But I—enlisted for the war, ten years ago. I can't desert now."

"You're crazy," he told her in soft fury. "Because you've thrown away ten years, must you throw away the rest of your life? . . . I—I'm trying not to be personal. I don't suppose you take me seriously——"

"On the contrary," said Doris—and again her eyes held his steadily—"I take you very seriously. I—I suppose I'm in love with you. But—oh, I'm all tied up with him. He's part of me, whether I like it or not."

"I told you I didn't care if I was only second best."

"I'm not refusing you for your sake. . . . Oh, I feel as if I were married, and you were asking me to run away from my husband; and I want to, but it just doesn't seem as if it would work out."

"But he isn't your husband," Lamar explained with desperate patience. "You haven't any children to leave, any household to break up. All you're leaving is a man—" his voice shook—"a man who tied you up for years while he was running around with other women—and coming back to his wife. Eating his cake and having it too—Good God, Doris, you've paid off the mortgage."

"I've paid a good deal," she admitted. "What it amounts to, is that for ten years I was married and he wasn't. But the damage has been done. As between you and Keith, who has been built into my personality for ten years, there isn't any choice. Some people can eat their cake and have it too, but I can't. I belong with him."

"Not now. That's over and done with——"

"I'M afraid Blalock was right," she admitted. "The past won't stay buried. . . . It's too late, Steve. I wish we'd met ten years ago—but we didn't. I wish I'd been at Nevers that time you came; but I'd gone to Paris—to meet Keith. . . . I wish I'd waited for you on the float, before I'd seen Keith again—but I didn't. . . . Or, for that matter, if you hadn't gone to the ball game yesterday. I needed you badly—before I saw Keith. If I'd seen you then, and missed him, no telling what might have happened. . . . But it's too late now."

"And it wasn't even a good ball game," he told her with a shaky grin. She rose.

"That's better, my dear. No use being lugubrious about this—it can't be helped. And no use dragging it out—we'd better say good-by now. Don't try to see me again. I might weaken—but it wouldn't work."

"But if I want you and you want me——"

"We both want more than there is, I'm afraid. Perfection—a hundred per cent—I can't give even Keith that now. I've been a sealed garden, but I've liked a good many men—and perhaps you'll be the one I can't forget. That's better, you know."

"Perhaps," he assented lightly. He didn't believe it and doubted if she did; but he couldn't reject the gallant lie which was her gift to him.

IV

SO Sam and Mary went back to Magnolia, with Doris' promise to come up at the end of the week and be married at their house.

"Wonder why she wouldn't come back with us now," Sam mused as their train pulled out of the Grand Central. "She says Lancefield is going to be busy this week—so busy she can't see him."

"She'll see him," Mary predicted. "I suspect we've lost Doris, Sam. I shouldn't be a bit surprised to get a telegram on Saturday that they've been married here and aren't coming up at all."

"Why should we have lost her?"

"Because she knows we think Keith has been rotten to her. She'll stick with her husband, even if it means dropping her friends. Loyal little fool——"

"Well," Sam sighed, "at any rate it's all right. You may not like Lancefield, but she does. And when you've been in love as hard as she was with him, it would be a crime to marry anybody else."

"Of course, darling. This is the best way out." Mary's hand patted him, and if there was irony in her voice he didn't hear it. She knew that his self-esteem had been saved by the fact that Doris was to marry no Last Resort, but the man for whom she had refused him; and after eight years of marriage, Mary had learned that your husband's self-esteem is part of the family property, an heirloom that must be cherished whether you admire it or not.

As a matter of fact, Doris saw Lancefield that very evening, when he insisted on taking her out to dinner despite her protests.

"Keith, I don't think it's safe, if I'm still being watched——"

"You're not. Rodney and I squared everything with Blalock. I don't think he ever had anything against you but your connection with Lamar and that photograph that Hart got hold of. He's convinced now that Lamar's harmless, and Rodney and I could both verify the story of Bill Claflin's auction. Just the same, I don't like the idea of Hart's keeping the picture."

"I'll ask him for it," she said absently. "He'll give it back."

She knew she ought to be relieved. Again she was free—free from police surveillance; and if she were free Lancefield was safe. But she wasn't free from Doris, and the chain of consequences that trailed from her blunders of the past.

"Let me ask him for it," said Lancefield, with a touch of jealousy.

"No, no. Please. I can get it without any trouble. . . . And, Keith, I don't feel safe in letting you come to see me till you're out of this. We can't take any chances now. Besides, I need time to pull myself together. I ought to sleep about twelve hours a day. . . . Please leave me to myself till the time comes for us to—go down to Fire Island."

"You still insist on being in on that?"

"I certainly do," said Doris. "While you're in it I'm in it; when you're out we're both out. . . . Oh, by the way, I'm broke. Can you give me some money?"

His shaking hands took out his wallet and gave her a pair of hundred-dollar bills.

"It isn't tainted," he told her. "I earned that—magazine articles."

But it wasn't this scruple that had set them both trembling. For the first time, she had asked him for money. Certainly they felt married now.

But can anything, even an old love, hold Doris Kaye? Watch her and see. In her next move she is her gallant, danger-loving self. She enters a strange abode, and the outcome is stranger still. Read about it next week.

The What, When, and How of PARIS FALL FASHIONS

By BETTINA BEDWELL

A FORMAL evening ensemble has a cape of white velvet topped with white fox and terminated with seal. Gown of black and white crepe de Chine.

GETTING distinction in the most cosmopolitan society in the world—the social life of Paris—rests largely on three words of one syllable—what, when, how. This society is composed of headliners, from ex-grand dukes to ex-head waiters, and of persons in between, who gain entrance by a peculiar personal distinction—a knowing what, and when, and how.

About now, everybody who is "in" this envied and talked-about group can be seen "downtown" around noon. This means Ciro's for luncheon; the Ritz or the Cercle Interallie for a cocktail. You would never see a soul of them before the clock strikes twelve.

If you wear an ensemble, such as is shown in our second figure, you are a little bit of all right for the what and when part of a Paris day. Then there would be a cocktail at the Ritz and a luncheon at Ciro's along about one or one-thirty. An informal little jacket of beige shaved lamb, with cravat, bands, and pockets of marron colored mole, over a dress of beige crepe de Chine, with a knee-length tunic blouse sporting a gold belt showing in front only, a tucked band of self-material, and a skirt of finely plaited crepe de Chine. An Agnes hat like the one shown, in brown and beige felt, would be the correct chapeau. Jenny made this cocktail-and-lunch ensemble, which is "right" in every particular. If you wear it, you can swagger a bit in pure self-assurance.

After two-thirty you have an urgent engagement with your maid and your wardrobe. The members of the true faith cannot be swerved to matinees and dances in any such a costume as this. No, sir. You emerge around five for tea, cocktails, or dancing.

Should you be costumed in something like our first model, you are well dressed and you know it. Lucien Lelong created it.

The coat is of velvet, the pattern for which was stolen right off the dangerous boa constrictor. Mole and gray are the colors, and the collar and cuffs are of beaver. The sleeves are waist deep at the armholes.

Underneath is the dress, which appears in a stellar role when you begin to step out at the dansant. It is made of crepe satin, a very cool light gray, with a tricky little collar cut in one with the waist, and fastened with a satin tie. The skirt is a series of slightly flaring tiers, three of them, which reveal two inches of straight skirt beneath. It is simple, it is elegant, and it has the grand chic. There are long, fitted sleeves, too.

After six-thirty you return home again. What you decide to appear in later on depends on what you are going to do afterward. If you are to dine simply and go to the theater—not the Opera—you could wear something like our Number Three. Jenny made it.

The bolero, sleeves and all, is made of a cloth composed of tiny gold chains, and so is the tunic that covers the skirt, with pointed bands of gold chain as edging. This golden film is placed over a straight black velvet slip, and the waistline is accentuated by a black velvet ribbon girdle, with two ends of rose velvet ribbon beginning at the front of the hips, so the knot and ends at the center front are two strands of rose velvet and two of black. Cuffs and bows are of black velvet ribbon.

If the Paris social satellite is going out for a grande soirée, such as a ball, the Opera, or a formal dinner with princes and diplomats, she would wear our fourth creation. The grand cape is of white velvet, inside and out, and supporting this regal fabric there are two kinds of fur—seal for the deep band at the bottom, and white fox for the inside of the collar.

The dress is of crepe de Chine—equal parts black and white. The waist, that blouses over the girdle, is trimmed with bands of rhinestones. The skirt is gathered in shirring over the right hip, and on the left the girdle makes a simulated fullness, with five tabs of black covered by rhinestones.

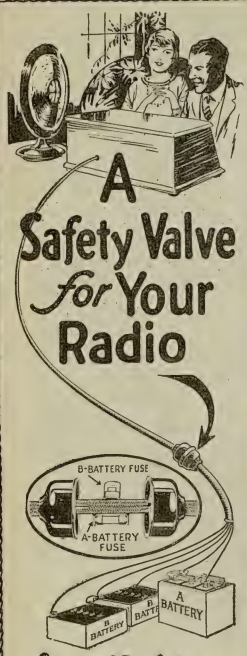
I've told you what to wear, and when to wear it.

How clothes are worn is the secret of the individual, but I think it is a case of getting, and forgetting, the correct thing, once you have put it on. Giving yourself a chance to outshine anything you may be wearing.

FOR after five, the velvet coat, trimmed with beaver, and frock of gray crepe satin.

THE from-twelve-to-two costume is an ensemble of fur and crepe de Chine.

A GOLD-chain cloth bolero and tunic over a black velvet slip. Sash of rose and black.



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For the Love o' Lil

EVERY week, LIBERTY will print a chapter of Leslie Thrasher's cover continuity, telling the story of the cover for that week's issue. Lil and Sandy, Sandy's rivals, and the Morse family have made so many friends that people everywhere want to follow their fortunes, although the $1,000 title offer has been discontinued.

So don't miss an installment of For the Love o' Lil. Next year, perhaps, there will be another contest, and you'll be ready to start right in at the beginning.

For the Love o' Lil

CHAPTER XVII *of the* GREAT COVER CONTINUITY

By LESLIE THRASHER

"WELL, Mom," remarked R. E. ("Pop") Morse one evening at supper, with an air of quiet triumph, "leave it to your Uncle Dudley. I signed up a contract with the city today to supply coal to the water works for a whole year. So doll yourself up, and I'll blow you to a good show tonight."

Ma Morse would have objected to Pop's choice of a proper show, but he had already bought tickets for "Caprices of 1926," and there was nothing she could do.

They sat in a box just off the stage; Pop in faultless dinner jacket and Ma in an evening gown for all to admire.

All went well until the third act, when a saucy little soubrette, in an exceedingly abbreviated costume, came on for her song and dance.

Pop smiled, of course. Ma frowned disapprovingly. So the little actress, observing a domestic fracas in the making, made matters worse by singing her snappy lines right into Pop's face, to the intense amusement of the rest of the audience, and Ma's complete disgust.

Pop squirmed, grinned in a silly manner, and twitched nervously at his coat lapels. The more he fidgeted, the closer the singer edged to the box, and the louder the audience tittered.

Ma was terribly embarrassed. But all she could do was to make a mental resolve:

"Never again! I'll never go to another show with that man as long as I live."

(To be continued next week)

The Winners in Prize Contest No. 12

First Prize, $500
He guards some but disregards others

The Winner
R. F. Du Val, 424 Clifton Street, Norfolk, Va.

Second Prize, $250
Bathing Suitors

The winner: C. J. Mayon, 205 Oriental Place, Atlantic City, N. J.

Third Prize, $100
Barely covered and fully protected

The winner: E. L. Shanley, 3209 Grand Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

Fourth Prize, $50
"Divers" ways of winning women

The winner: Colyar Reese, 1129 N. W. 48th Street, Miami, Fla.

Fifth Prize, $25
Suits pressed at the beach

The winner: Mrs. J. Eugene Curtis, 401 Hobart Place N. W., Washington, D. C.

Sixth Prize, $25
Life saving is a heart breaking job

The winner: D. A. R. Campbell, 408 Kew Bolmer Apts., Kew Gardens, L. I.

Prize Cover No. 12

Seventh Prize, $25
A beach nut making a wise crack

The winner: George Lewis, 178 Cabot Street, Holyoke, Mass.

Eighth Prize, $25
Sandy at Sea

The winner: Celeste Hickox, 152 Military Park, Fort Thomas, Ky.

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Fashion Refuses To Shed Tiers

Clings to the Cape

By

MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

IT all started with that little back drop which Madame Chanel originated, just going between the shoulders and barely touching the waist. What we are now concerned about, however, is not its start but its finish, and goodness knows where it is going to end. They all said, "Oh, no, they won't be wearing them." But that is the way Paris likes to fool you.

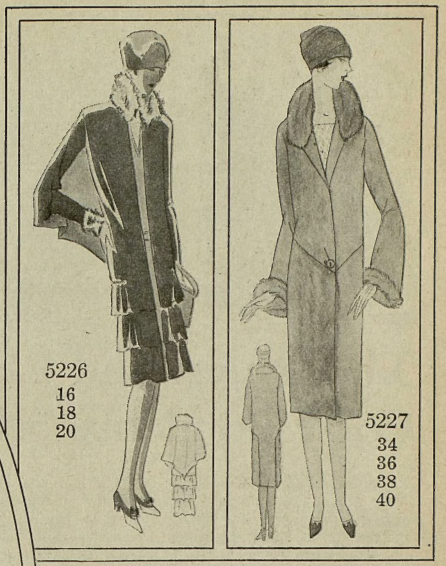
The subject of the above sentences, of course, is Capes—long capes, short capes, capes that lap round you like an Inverness, capes that go only down the back. Really they might almost seem too common. You must remember that Paris holds on to things longer than we do. They might go out on you at almost any time.

When the capes make their exit, I think it will be by way of the sleeve. What these are developing into are wings. On a certain picturesque costume they hang long and straight from the shoulders and are so perfectly flowing into the movement of the skirt that you think it is a cape you are beholding, until the wearer lifts her arms. Thus the sleeve movement and the cape movement are connecting up with that flowing, draped line of Greek art which we were saying a few weeks ago was getting fashionable. Modernism and the classic are "getting together," if the historic in costuming interests you.

But if the sleeve movement is new, we still might write a letter about styles that refuse to die. Everybody was saying the obvious "If you have tiers, prepare to shed them now." But nobody did shed them—at least nobody French, and they are the people who make the fashions. The illustration which uses two already established styles, combining them into a new one, I think combines two other valuable attributes as well. That is to say, it is pretty and practical. I refer to the coat with the tiers and the cape shown on this page. Still, sleeves are the newer subject of interest, and on afternoon dresses one hears they are going to be as long as the skirt—which, some will answer, isn't so very long. All things are relative, however, and that isn't what you would call exactly short for a sleeve. Even on street things, they will come well down on the hands.

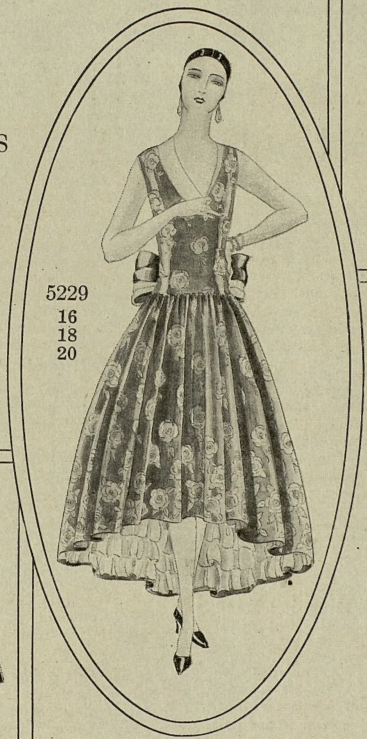
There is a kind of wrap called the manteau-cape, which is a grand ensemble of coat, cape, and sleeves. It is difficult to tell where they begin and end. The only boundary is marked by a rather wide belt passing along a low waistline and running through slits at the front and the back of the long, pointed sleeves. Thus the "wing" movement, with its effect of Greek drapery, is adopted for tailored and traveling as well as for dress and theatrical things. The evening dress model shows an outline that has made a slow, determined move for recognition and has finally accomplished it.

This is just about the most popular of the outlines for elaborate gowns. And this one is indeed elaborate, showing in its mass of detail the determined movement to crush simplicity.

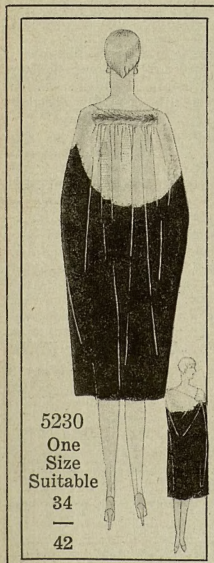


BLACK velvet coat lined with powder blue chiffon, featuring a cape back and tiers.

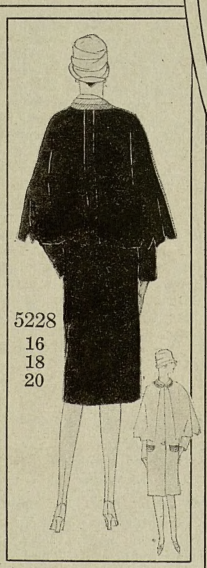
MADE of brown broadcloth, with a slightly bloused effect at back, achieved with two plaits.



ELEGANCE is achieved in this robe de style of heavy black satin, by embroidered flowers of silk thread. The uneven hem is faced with ruffles of rose and blue taffeta, colors found in the sash.



AN informal evening wrap of silver lame and emerald silk, trimmed with sable.



THIS cape coat is of navy blue rep, with bandings of crepe in three shades of red.

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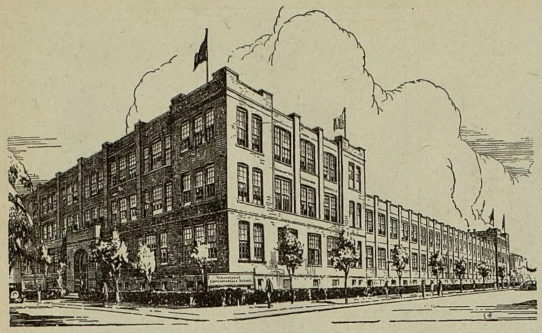

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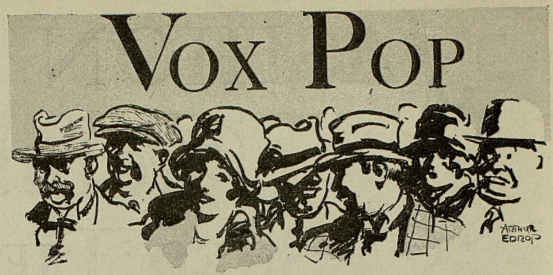


Slamming Big Jim

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Why must you give up such excellent space to such a person as Jim Jeffries? Who in the world—that is, who that *is* anybody—cares anything about the whys, whens, and wherefores of his life? He is less than nobody to civilized people.

Your magazine has been chock-full of vivid, instructive, interesting, and all-around splendid reading—and now you spoil it all.

Prize-fighting is all right for the type that enjoys such things—but why make heroes of such brutes? To litter up otherwise good space with their ignorant, ill-bred "lives" is just a bit too much.—*Marion Van Ness.*

But Here's Balm

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Under date of September 4, of LIBERTY, I notice a letter from one Dr. Bailey of Mount Ayr, Iowa. In it he says he was surprised, amazed, and disgusted by LIBERTY'S articles on Jim Jeffries entitled The Big Fellow. He ended by declaring he hoped LIBERTY would never again have in it another story of "brutal prize fighters."

I do feel sorry for a man who is as easily shocked as this Dr. B. It must be terrible to be so sensitive.

I am a woman, but I think your writings on sports are wonderful.—*Mrs. Emma Jones, St. Paul, Minn.*

He Got a Big Laugh

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I believe that in your issue of September 4, I got my biggest laugh from the letter from Dr. Samuel Bailey. But, at the same time, I was filled with utter disgust for any *man* who would write such a letter.—*Charles Kershner, Denver, Colo.*

Another Fight-Hater

EDITOR, LIBERTY: The stories that you do run surely are good; but why can't we have more of them, and leave out the boxing and fighting articles?—*Billie D., Cicero, Ill.*

Wants the Doctor to Refrain

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Judging from Vox Pop, it seems that the main passion of a very small number of readers is to find fault with articles appearing in your splendid magazine.

What really aroused my ire, and gave me a pain in the solar plexus, was the letter of complaint from Dr. Samuel Bailey, on the series: The Big Fellow.

In the name of a district where men are men, I ask this masculine knocker to refrain and return to his knitting.—*Louis C. Miller, Chicago, Ill.*

A Comment on Contests

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I want you to know how much I enjoyed (and I believe many others enjoyed) the two big contests of Presidents and States. It was a lot of fun and the prizes were worth trying for.

I don't get much kick out of For the Love o' Lil! contest. Why not have more *big* contests? It will be beneficial to LIBERTY.—*George Ordansky, New Haven, Conn.*

Religion and Good Citizens

EDITOR, LIBERTY: You say in an editorial that parents know their children will be more apt to become good citizens and good neighbors if they grow up in association with church members. I respectfully submit that your assumption is unwarranted. You are referred to the statistics of any penal institution, or the records of any juvenile court. Take, for example, the records of the Ohio State Penitentiary, which show that 98 per cent of its inmates are affiliated with churches.

As less than half of the people of the State are church members, this half, minus, furnishes 98 per cent of the State's major offenders, while the unaffiliated half, plus, furnishes only 2 per cent of such offenders. Investigation will disclose that substantially the same condition obtains in all penal institutions.

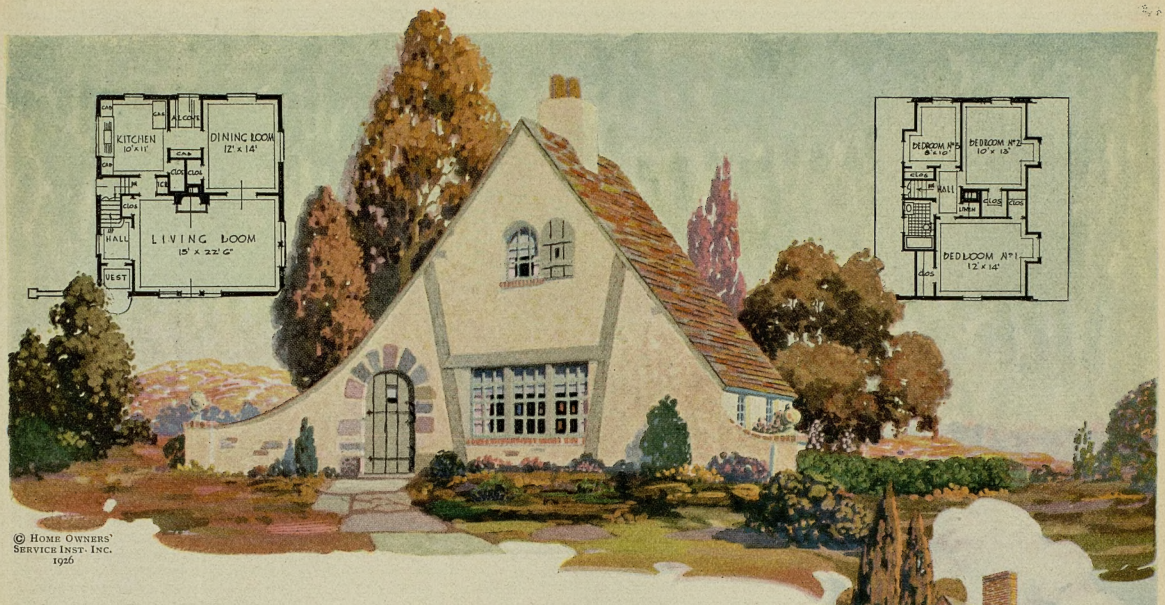
Contrary to your statement, social experience shows that religion—revealed religion—does not develop good citizens with much certainty. Its efficacy in that regard is theoretical rather than practical.—*J. A. Culbertson, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

The Frankness of War Birds

EDITOR, LIBERTY: War Birds is a wonder. It tells us a few things about the war that neither history nor brothers nor friends who have done duty can tell.—*Mrs. Irene Huff, Indianapolis, Ind.*

Where Has She Been?

EDITOR, LIBERTY: There are some things about you I like and some I don't. If a person were to believe one-half of the stuff that is printed in many of the popular magazines, it would look as if the great mass of people were headed for the place it is not polite to mention. Why must so many writers of today make their hero or heroine such a nasty person? We hear a constant rigmarole about crime and the boys and girls being so impossible. I've never seen a girl smoking a cigarette in my life, and I'll be sixty-four next month.—*Sallie B. McMurtry, Valley Park, Mo.*



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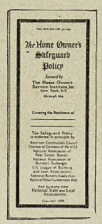

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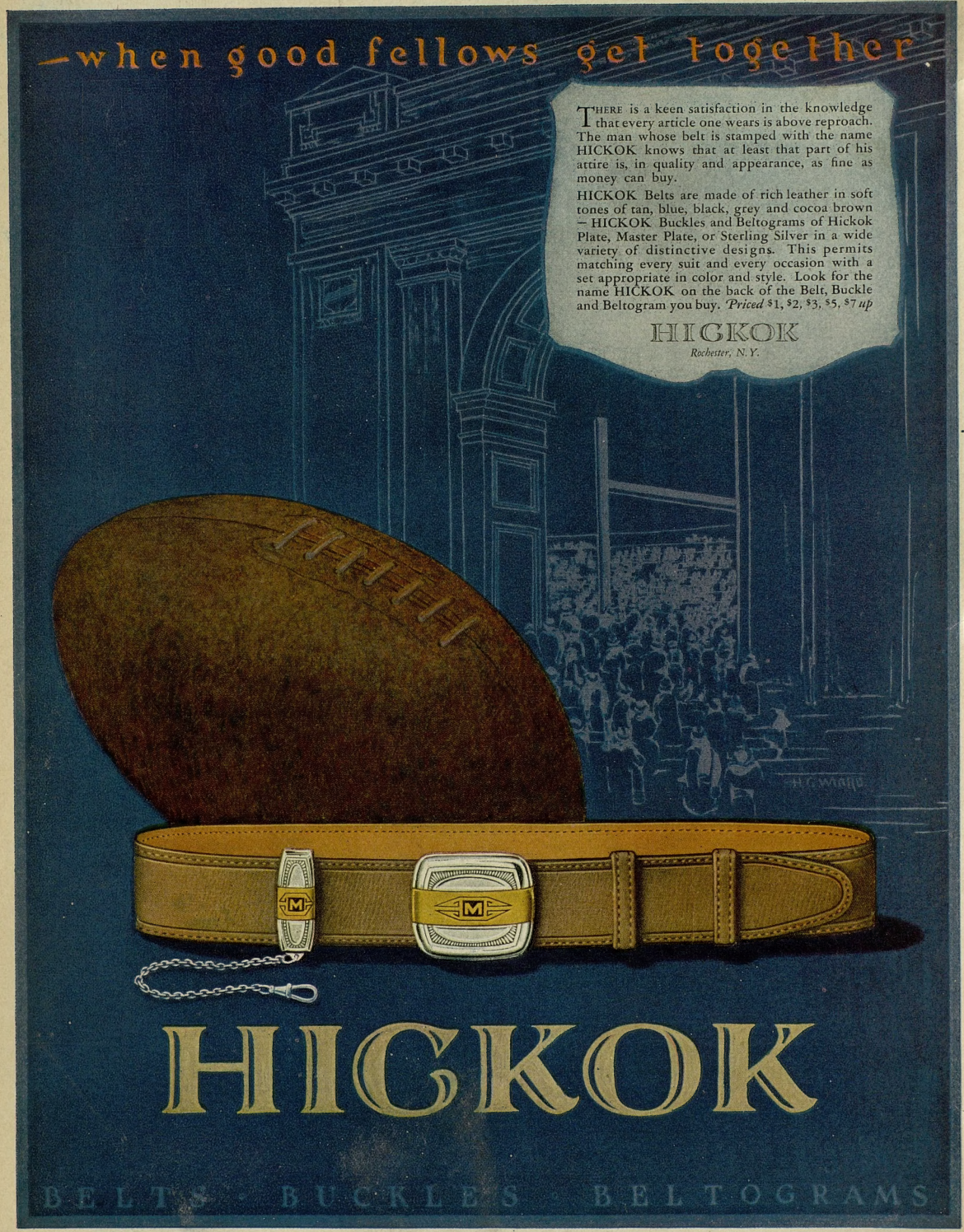
—when good fellows get together
THERE is a keen satisfaction in the knowledge that every article one wears is above reproach. The man whose belt is stamped with the name HICKOK knows that at least that part of his attire is, in quality and appearance, as fine as money can buy.
HICKOK Belts are made of rich leather in soft tones of tan, blue, black, grey and cocoa brown — HICKOK Buckles and Beltograms of Hickok Plate, Master Plate, or Sterling Silver in a wide variety of distinctive designs. This permits matching every suit and every occasion with a set appropriate in color and style. Look for the name HICKOK on the back of the Belt, Buckle and Beltogram you buy. Priced $1, $2, $3, $5, $7 up
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